

THE CRITIC

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, AND THE DRAMA;
A GUIDE FOR THE LIBRARY AND BOOK-CLUB.

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THE CRITIC has adopted the novel and interesting plan of reviewing unpublished MSS., for the purpose of enabling authors unknown to fame to take the opinion of the public and of the booksellers upon the merits and probabilities of success for their works, previously to incurring the cost of publication. For this purpose, the following rules are to be observed.

The author is requested to make a brief outline of the contents of his work and transmit it to us, with the MS. (or such portions as he may deem to be fair specimens of it), from which we may select the extracts for our columns. All MSS. so submitted to us will be carefully preserved, and returned, as the author may direct, so soon as we have done with them.

It may be as well here to observe that religious and political treatises must be excluded from this portion of THE CRITIC.

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THE announcement of the plan for making THE CRITIC a useful, because thoroughly independent, guide for these hitherto strangely neglected, but most useful classes, whose important duty it is to diffuse the literature which authors create, and without whom the finest genius would fail in its glorious mission, has been received with the most encouraging congratulations from all parts of the country. Already many of these classes have availed themselves of our offer to supply them with THE CRITIC at the cost of the stamp and paper, or one shilling per quarter only; and we are promised in return their kind and active exertions to introduce this periodical among their customers and connections. As it will consequently enjoy a very extensive circulation among the Booksellers and Libraries in Town and Country, we trust that they will make it their public organ, and the medium for their advertisements, especially of such as relate to literature and the employments connected with it.

We have invited suggestions from all quarters of improvements that may tend to make THE CRITIC yet more useful to those who adopt it as their monitor in the task of ordering books for buyers and readers. Many have been received, and some adopted; others are under consideration. One of those to which we have readily acceded was a recommendation from many library-keepers, that it should be a rule to state, at the close of the notice of any work of importance, whether it is deemed by the reviewer to be a desirable addition to the circulating library. It will be seen that in all notices written since this suggestion was received, the rule has been observed, and our reviewers will be requested to adhere to it in future. The very purpose of THE CRITIC is to aid in their selections those who have to

order books, and especially to assist in the choice of purchases for Book-Clubs and Libraries.

Another improvement has been proposed, but it is under deliberation, not from any doubt of its utility, but from a query as to its practicability. It is this. Inasmuch as it is impossible to give a lengthened notice of every book issued from the press, and necessarily there must be delay in the writing of an elaborate review of the best, while yet there is wanted early information of the appearance of a new book, and some slight account of it, it is proposed, by an intelligent bookseller in Liverpool, who says that he has consulted others upon the proposition, who highly approve it, that we should add to the more elaborate reviews and distinct notices of works, under each division of THE CRITIC, a short summary of the books belonging to that class, as History, Fiction, &c. lately published, with such particulars of their subjects and authors as their title-pages or prefaces will enable the narrator to give, so that the progress of publication may be seen at a glance, and attention called immediately to works of promise and importance. Afterwards, those of the books which may be found to deserve a deliberate examination should receive it in the same form and at the same length as now. Unquestionably the suggestion is admirable; but can it be accomplished? Perhaps we may give it a trial, by adopting it, in the first instance, in some one or two of the most popular divisions, as History, Fiction, Voyages and Travels, and then gradually extend it to others, should it be found practicable.

If there be any other addition or alteration which will make THE CRITIC more useful, we shall be obliged by the suggestion of it.

LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Our Indian Empire: its History and Present State, from the earliest Settlement of the British in Hindostan to the close of the Year 1843. By CHARLES MACFARLANE, Author of the Chapters on Civil and Military Transactions in the "Pictorial History of England." Volume the First. London, 1844. C. Knight and Co.

THIS is the first of a series of works projected by the indefatigable Mr. Knight, whose object it will be to supply in a compact form, and at a very trifling price, information on matters of especial interest to our own time. The volume before us may be accepted as a sample of the series; it will be one of the most valuable of the many contributions to cheap literature which the enterprise of publishers has lately adventured. The typography is beautiful; there are portraits on steel, and illustrative wood-cuts.

The choice of a subject for the first parts is a happy one. Recent events have invested our Eastern empire with an interest which for many previous years it had not excited in the public mind. Curiosity has been keenly directed towards every thing that concerns its history, topography, and government. Mr. THORNTON's great work, which we have already reviewed in part, was the first attempt to gratify the thirst for information thus created. But in its elaborations, its magnitude, and its cost, it is necessarily limited to the libraries of the few. There was still room for another history, more popular in its compressions, its composition, its size, and price, for circulation among the multitude. Mr. Knight presents this History by Mr. MACFARLANE to supply the demand which has arisen for it among the less wealthy of the reading world.

Mr. MACFARLANE's fitness for the task confided to him will be acknowledged by all who have enjoyed the pleasure of reading that

portion of the *Pictorial History of England* which was contributed by his pen. It will be enough to say that the same qualifications which imparted so high a value to that work have been brought to the execution of this one—such as laboriousness in the investigation of facts, excellent judgment in the selection of those which present the most vivid picture of the time upon which he is engaged; a preference of the history of peoples to those of sovereigns and nobles, usually the sole regard of historians; and a vigorous and graphic style that keeps attention alive, and traces itself upon the memory, and which may be termed the picturesque, as distinguished from the philosophical form of history; the latter being more fitted for the learned, the former for the general reader.

We have so lately travelled through a considerable portion of Indian history, in the company of Mr. Thornton, that we must not go again over the same ground. We prefer now to select from Mr. MACFARLANE's pages some passages of independent interest, which will serve at once to exhibit his manner and to amuse the reader.

Mr. Thornton's character of Clive has already appeared in the columns of THE CRITIC. It will be illustrated by Mr. MACFARLANE's description of the foul attacks to which he was subjected, and of

CLIVE'S DEFENCE.

"These practices had begun on the same day with his stern reforms at Calcutta, and they had been kept up ever since by many heads, hands, and purses. His old enemies at the India House—the Sullivan party—always powerful, had been reinforced by men still more violent and implacable. 'The whole crew of pilferers and oppressors, from whom he had rescued Bengal,' says Mr. Macaulay, 'persecuted him with the implacable rancour which belongs to such abject natures. Many of them even invested their property in India stock merely that they might be better able to annoy the man whose firmness had set bounds to their rapacity. Lying newspapers were set up for no purpose but to abuse him; and the temper of the public mind was then such that these arts, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been ineffectual against truth and merit, produced an extraordinary impression.'

"The great events which had taken place in India had called into existence a new class of Englishmen, to whom their countrymen gave the name of Nabobs. These persons had generally sprung from families neither ancient nor opulent; they had generally been sent at an early age to the East; and they had there acquired large fortunes, which they had brought back to their native land. It was natural that, not having had much opportunity of mixing with the best society, they should exhibit some of the awkwardness and some of the pomposity of upstarts. It was natural that, during their sojourn in Asia, they should have acquired some tastes and habits surprising, if not disgusting, to persons who had never quitted Europe. It was natural that, having enjoyed great consideration in the East, they should not be disposed to sink into obscurity at home; and as they had money, and had not birth or high connexion, it was natural that they should display a little obtrusively the advantages which they possessed. Wherever they settled there was a kind of feud between them and the old nobility and gentry, similar to that which raged in France between the farmer-general and the marquis. This enmity to the aristocracy long continued to distinguish the servants of the company. More than twenty years after the time of which we are now speaking, Burke pronounced that among the Jacobins might be reckoned 'the East Indians almost to a man, who cannot bear to find that their present importance does not bear a proportion to their wealth.' According to the same able sketch of what the rich men of the East were, or rather what they were considered to be, in their palmy days, the nabobs, whose exploits and services were little understood in England, were universally odious: the humane man was horror-struck at the way in which they had got their money, and the thrifty man at the way in which they spent it; they were accused of raising the price of every thing where they settled, 'from fresh eggs to rotten boroughs,'—the latter a commodity in which they dealt

largely; they were hated by the class from which they had sprung, and by that into which they attempted to force themselves; the foibles of comedy, the extravagant absurdities of farce, and the darkest crimes of tragedy, were mixed up in the popular conception of a nabob: and writers, the most unlike in sentiment and style—methodists and libertines, philosophers and buffoons—joined in decrying the whole class, filling sermons and jest-books, essays, farces, and novels, with denunciations, satire, strictures, lampoons, and every kind of abuse directed against them. Such was the popular estimate of nabobs; and Clive, the greatest of them all, was held to be the worst. It was in vain that he was kind and liberal to his servants, bountiful to his friends, generous on all occasions, affectionate to his family, kind-hearted and hospitable; men persisted in considering him as an incarnate fiend, laying to his charge all the bad acts of all the English in India—acts committed when he was absent, nay, acts which he had manfully put down, and severely punished—and believing every story that could be invented against him. The peasantry in the neighbourhood of Claremont, in Surrey, where he had raised one stately mansion, were perfectly convinced that the devil would one day carry him away bodily, in spite of his strong, thick walls; and that they could hear, in the wind that sighed among the park trees, the moans of the Indian princes he had tortured to get at their treasure.

"Sullivan and his party, which had now become the stronger in Leadenhall-street, were alarmed and exasperated by reports, not unfounded, that the premier, Lord North, and Lord Rochford, then secretary of state for the colonies, had invited Clive, through his friend Wedderburn, to aid them with his counsel and experience in settling some plan for the better government of India; and it was no secret that Clive on all occasions insisted that the cause of what was wrong lay rather in the Court of Directors than in their servants abroad; that all attempts at reformation abroad, until a thorough reformation took place at home, could only be temporary, and in the end futile; that if an able, honest, and independent Court of Directors could not be procured at home, there was no salvation for the Company.* Under these feelings the directors had recently put every engine in play to blacken his reputation; and about a fortnight before the opening of the present session of parliament they had, by the company's secretary, informed him that the Court of Directors had lately received several papers containing charges respecting his management of affairs in Bengal, and that copies of these papers were enclosed. These charges were signed by no one, and they were vague as well as anonymous. Clive proudly replied, that upon the public records of the company, where the whole of his conduct was stated, they might find a sufficient confutation of the papers they had transmitted to him; and that he could not but suppose, that if any part of his conduct had been injurious to the service, contradictory to his engagements, or even mysterious, four years and a half since his return to England would not have elapsed without his being called to account. These charges, however, were known to the public before parliament met, and Sullivan in his speech hinted at them. Clive, who was in the House, rose to speak in his own defence, and he delivered a speech which astonished every one, by its strong sense, high spirit, and even high eloquence. He had seldom spoken before, and on those few occasions in a brief and homely, or negligent, manner; but this time he had prepared himself for the defence of his honour and his property, which were equally aimed at, and he convinced the most practised and most applauded speakers that he might easily have made himself a great orator. The first Pitt, now Earl of Chatham, was that night under the gallery of the House of Commons, and he declared that it was 'one of the most finished pieces of eloquence he had ever heard in that House.' 'The House,' said Clive, 'will give me leave to remove evil impressions, and to endeavour to restore myself to its favourable opinion. Nor do I wish to lay my conduct before this House only; I speak likewise to my country in general, upon whom I put myself, not only without reluctance but with alacrity.' He rapidly sketched the history of his proceedings during his last mission to Calcutta, which the directors, after all their plaudits, had selected for their hostile charges; he told the House how he had cleansed that Augean stable, and how

this conduct had raised him a host of enemies. 'It is that conduct,' he exclaimed, 'which has occasioned the public papers to teem with scurrility and abuse against me ever since my return to England. It is that conduct which has occasioned these charges. But it is that conduct which enables me now, when the day of judgment is come, to look my judges in the face. It is that conduct which enables me to lay my hand upon my heart and most solemnly to declare to this House, to the gallery, and to the whole world at large, that I never, in a single instance, lost sight of what I thought the honour and true interest of my country and the company; that I was never guilty of any acts of violence or oppression, unless the bringing offenders to justice can be deemed so; that, as to extortion, such an idea never entered into my mind; that I did not suffer those under me to commit any acts of violence, oppression, or extortion; that my influence was never employed for the advantage of any man, contrary to the strictest principles of honour and justice; and that, so far from reaping any benefit myself from the expedition, I returned to England many thousand pounds out of pocket.' One of the charges in the anonymous papers was, that during that mission he had made money by monopolizing cotton. To this he replied, in evident irritation and pride, 'Trade was not my profession. My line has been military and political. I owe all I have in the world to my having been at the head of an army; and, as to cotton, I know no more about it than the pope of Rome.' Another of the charges was, that he had monopolized diamonds. After observing that at that period there were only two ways by which a servant of the company could remit his fortune to England—by bills on the company, or by diamonds—that, in consequence of his exertions, the treasury at Calcutta was so rich, that it would not receive money for such bills, and that therefore he had sent an agent into a distant and independent part of India to invest his money in precious stones; he added—'Those diamonds were not sent home clandestinely. I caused them to be registered; I paid the duties upon them; and these remittances turned out three per cent. worse than bills of exchange upon the company. This is all I know of a monopoly of diamonds.' By a surprising boldness, on the part of those who made it, another charge was that he had occasioned the late famine in Bengal by establishing 'a monopoly of salt, betel-nut, tobacco, and other commodities.' 'How,' said Clive, 'a monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, in the years 1765 and 1766, could occasion a want of rain and scarcity of rice in the year 1770 is past my comprehension. I confess I cannot answer that part of this article; and as to the other commodities, as they have not been specified, I cannot say any thing to them.' He defended the appropriation of the salt trade to the payment of proper salaries, and his acceptance of Meer Jaffer's legacy, of which he had made a donation for improving the company's military service, and for providing for the unfortunate. From defending his own conduct he proceeded to attack the conduct of others, and to throw back the blame on his accusers. 'I attribute,' he said, 'the present bad situation of affairs to four causes: a relaxation of government in my successors; great neglect on the part of administration; notorious misconduct on the part of the directors; and the violent and outrageous proceedings of general courts.' He argued that all the evils were aggravated by the system of annual elections at Leadenhall-street; that one-half of the year was employed by the directors in discharging obligations contracted by their last election, and the second half of the year spent in incurring new obligations for securing their election the next year by clandestine bargains with proprietors and others, and the daily sacrifice of some interest of the company. Hence, he said, the orders sent out to India had been so fluctuating, and in many instances so unintelligible, that the servants in the country, who, to say the truth, had generally understood the interests of the company much better than the directors, had in many instances followed their own opinion rather than their orders."

Contemporary occurrences may give value to this passage: there is much to be revealed somewhere.

Mr. MAC FARLANE thus states the

RESULTS OF THE TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS. "Yet Burke persisted to the last hour of his life in believing and asserting his belief, in all places and on all occasions, that Warren Hastings, at

least, was guilty of all the crimes that had been charged against him; and that the impeachment, which had cost him such an immensity of toil, was a necessary and a holy work. In 1796, when the trial had been disposed of, he said:—'Were I to call for a reward, which I have never done, it should be for those services in which, for fourteen years without intermission, I shewed the most industry and had the least success—I mean in the affairs of India. They are those on which I value myself the most—most for the importance, most for the labour, most for the judgment, most for the constancy and perseverance in the pursuit. Others may value them most for the *intention*. In that surely they are not mistaken.* When Burke wrote these words he had achieved what others considered the greatest work of his whole life, literary and political; he had published his 'Reflections,' he had exposed and held up to detestation the French revolution, and he had broken for ever with his party and his friends rather than suffer them to harangue and write the people of England into a reverence and imitation of that revolution. The very men who had thought him insane in taking up the dark suggestions of Philip Francis, and in declaiming against Hastings and Impey as he had done, and in driving on an impeachment through so many years when all the world had grown weary of it, except the lawyers who pocketed the fees, now looked upon him as inspired by the spirit of prophecy and unearthly wisdom, and considered the services he had most recently rendered to government, morals, and social order, as the sublimest of all his works, the greatest of all possible benefits. But not so Burke: he continued to believe that his great work was the having exposed the dark deeds which had been committed in India, and in his having rendered difficult the recurrence of any such deeds. In 1796, when his heart was chastened with sorrows, when his only son had sunk into the grave, and when he himself was rapidly approaching the house appointed for all that live, he remonstrated with a friend who had ventured to speak of Hastings with respect and kindness. 'I am surprised,' said he, 'at your speaking of such a man as Hastings with any degree of respect; at present I say nothing of those who chose to take his guilt upon themselves. I do not say I am not deeply concerned; God forbid that I should speak any other language. Others may be content to prevaricate in judgment; it is not my taste: but they who attack me for my fourteen years' labours on that subject, ought not to forget that I always acted under public authority, and not of my own fancy; and that, in condemning me, they asperse the whole House of Commons for conduct continued for the greater part of three parliaments.' Even when quite broken-hearted and dying, and anxious to forgive and to be forgiven of all men, he thought of Warren Hastings in this hard manner. It was as we have said, in Burke's nature to be rather over-vehement and excessive on every great subject he took to heart, and of these the impeachment was certainly one of the greatest. Yet, if his over-heat and natural enthusiasm proved too injurious and uncharitable to the object of the impeachment, it would be unwise and unfair to say that the impeachment itself, with all the investigations which preceded it, or to which it gave rise, was not calculated to produce eventually a great and lasting good. And without that enthusiasm, which of itself inevitably leads to exaggeration and excess, perhaps no mortal man would have undergone such an extremity of labour; and perhaps, without that ardour and passion, which a later age may turn into ridicule, other men would not have been sufficiently excited to go along with him in the laborious scrutiny of such remote matters, or have been awakened to an interest in the fate of the natives of India, the wrongs or sufferings of people dwelling at the distance of fifteen thousand miles from our shores. The long-continued impeachment, which was heard of in almost every part and corner of the world, had the effect of telling the natives of India that there was a tribunal before which the greatest of the servants of the great Company might be brought to account and made to quail; it had the effect of telling those servants of the Company, and the government judges and other chiefs appointed by the crown, that they must take heed to their ways, and renounce the high-handed proceedings and the summary acts which may be necessary in a first conquest and settlement, but which are inexcusable afterwards; and it contributed, together with gra-

* Clive's Letters, in Life by Sir John Malcolm.

* Letter to a Noble Lord on his Pension.

dual and universal improvement in civilization, political philosophy, and moderation, to better the government of our Indian possessions and the condition of the teeming native population. Until public virtue and political science were improved at home, there could be no hope of any improvement in the management of such remote possessions: in proportion as men became honester and wiser, more moderate and tolerant at home, they became, perhaps with some pardonable difference in the degree, honester and wiser and better rulers abroad. Without this gradual improvement, the effect of Burke's labours of fourteen years might have been very inconsiderable; but linked with it, and going hand-in-hand with it, we believe them to have been of a potent efficacy, and to have afforded good reason to many millions of men to bless the name and the memory of the great manager. The regular publication in the newspapers of the debates in parliament (a benefit which had been fully secured not many years before the impeachment began), the reports of the grand speeches delivered in Westminster Hall, the crowd of books, the shoals of pamphlets, published year after year, had also the effect of familiarising the popular mind with the vast subject of India, and of leading the people to reflect upon occurrences and things and places they had never thought of before, and whose names were all unknown to them. Up to this time, even among the educated classes of Englishmen, few, very few, except the Company's servants and some naval and military officers, knew much about Hindustan; and Fox had good reason to exclaim—'The affairs of India had long been hid in a darkness as hostile to inquiry as it was friendly to guilt, but by the exertions of ONE MAN these clouds have been dissipated!' Almost a new vocabulary was introduced into the language, and the people of England learned to give a proper meaning to numerous Eastern words which had been unintelligible and rarely used before.

We now conclude by commending this history to household patronage. It is a book to be bought, not borrowed.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D. By A. P. STANLEY, M.A. 2 vols. with portrait. London, Fellowes. 1844.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

Two years have scarcely elapsed since the words "Dr. Arnold is dead," fell like a thunderbolt upon the school and town of Rugby, on the morning of Sunday, the 12th of June, and the grief which agonized his more immediate scholars and friends was felt with little less force by men of all sects and parties throughout the kingdom. Those who agreed with him saw themselves deprived of a champion, at once able, earnest, and pure-hearted, while those who differed from him could appreciate his worth as a scholar and an historian, and above all as Head Master of Rugby. The posthumous publication of his fifth volume of Sermons, and third volume of the "History of Rome," has strengthened the sense of the loss the world then sustained. And the present volumes, in which his whole character is fully exhibited, will justify all the praises which his more ardent admirers or his most attached pupils have ever bestowed upon him. In one respect, indeed, they soften our grief for him, with whom (to put on for one moment our individual character) all our highest and best thoughts, all our noblest aspirations are linked, because, just at the time when, as we believe, the influence of his writings is most needed, the world will here gaze on his character in all its simplicity, in all its fulness, all its depth, and all its Christian excellence. Personal animosities are buried in his grave, and the principles which he upheld can now be more calmly examined as they were, and not as they were said to be. Many, too, may read these volumes, who were previously unacquainted with his writings: but it will be impossible for them to remain any longer in ignorance of them.

Mr. Stanley, the editor of the "Life and Correspondence," from his long acquaintance with Dr. Arnold, first as a pupil, then as a friend, was well fitted for the duty, the almost filial duty, which he has undertaken; and he has performed it in a manner beyond all praise. It is truly a "biography," a perfect Daguerreotype, of the original. He has given in the way of narrative, the different periods of Dr. Arnold's life, and to each appended numerous letters written during that period, and in no case has he been enticed away from his direct object, or obtruded opinions and comments of his own. So thoroughly, indeed, has he steeped his mind in the materials with which his own memory, and the family, friends, and fellow-pupils of his beloved master supplied him, that an authority might be found in the "Letters" for almost every line in the "narrative." The chapter on "School Life at Rugby" is, of course, an exception; but here his own recollections and those of his fellow-pupils have been relied upon, and we can personally testify to the zeal with which he has sought information, and the accuracy and skill with which he has combined the various portions into one life-like, truthful picture. Reserving, for our second notice, the life and influence of Dr. Arnold, as Head Master of Rugby, we shall devote our present article to a general outline of his "life and character."

We are painfully conscious of the difficulty of doing this adequately, either to the subject or our own feelings, within such narrow limits, and all that we can hope is, that the attempt will only be so far imperfect, that it will lead many, or rather all, of our readers to a perusal at length of this record of him, whose personal, intellectual, and Christian character won the love, the admiration, and veneration of all to whom they were known, and whose example and influence, direct and indirect, have already been, and will hereafter be, productive of countless blessings to his family, his friends, his pupils, and his country.

Thomas Arnold, seventh child and youngest son of William and Martha Arnold, was born on June 13th, 1795, at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. His childish studies were directed by his aunt, Mrs. Delafield, and in 1803, he was sent to Warminster, in Wiltshire, under Dr. Griffiths, with whose assistant-master, Mr. Lawes, he long kept up his intercourse. In 1807, he entered on the foundation at Winchester, and during the four years he stayed there, he gained that practical acquaintance with a public school life which was so useful to him in his subsequent life. At this time his manner was stiff and formal, the very reverse of that joyousness and simplicity which marked his manhood. He was also remarkable even as a young man for a tendency to indolence, which he only gradually overcame by habitual exertion. To the busy scenes which Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight presented during the war, may be traced his love of naval and military affairs, and his wonderful geographical powers. In one of his early letters from Rugby, he says—

"More than half my boys never saw the sea, and never were in London; and it is surprising how the first of these disadvantages interferes with their understanding much of the ancient poetry, while the other keeps the range of their ideas in an exceedingly narrow compass. Brought up myself in the Isle of Wight, amidst the bustle of soldiers and sailors, and familiar, from a child, with boats and ships, and the flags of half Europe, which gave me an instinctive acquaintance with geography, I quite marvel to find in what a state of ignorance boys are at seventeen or eighteen, who have lived all their days in inland country parishes or small country towns."

Late in life, he snatched a few days' leisure to carry his sons to look on the scenes he had looked on when a boy, and swim in the waters that he had swam in. His historical genius and love of truth burst out in the following extract from a letter written when only fourteen. After expressing his indignation at the boasts in the Latin writers, he adds—

"I verily believe that half at least of the Roman history is, if not totally false, at least scandalously exaggerated. How far different are the modest, unaffected and impartial narrations of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon."

In 1811, he was elected scholar at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; he took a first class in *Litteræ Humaniores*, in 1816; was elected Fellow of Oriel in the next year, and gained Chancellor's prize for the Latin and English Essays, in the years 1815 and 1817.

During his career at Oxford, he mixed with men of the highest order: Copleston, Davison, Whately, now Archbishop of Dublin; Dr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel; Keble, the author of the "Christian Year;" Hampden, and the present Mr. Justice Coleridge. The last has contributed a most interesting account of his fellow-collegian and friend, from which we extract the following:—

"He was fond of conversation on serious matters, and vehement in argument; fearless, too, in advancing his opinions, which, to say the truth, often startled us a good deal; but he was ingenuous and candid, and though the fearlessness with which, so young as he was, he advanced his opinions, might have seemed to betoken presumption; yet the good temper with which he bore retort or rebuke relieved him from that imputation. He was bold and warm, because, so far as his knowledge went, he saw very clearly, and he was an ardent lover of truth; but I never saw in him, even then, a piece of vanity or conceit."

His favourite authors then, as ever, were Aristotle, Thucydides, and Herodotus. His leaning was too direct for the practical and evidently useful; but the knot of friends became zealous disciples of Wordsworth's philosophy, which, as Mr. Justice Coleridge remarks, "brought out in Arnold that feeling for the lofty and imaginative, which appeared in all his intimate conversations, and may be seen spiritualizing those even of his writings, in which, from their subject, it might seem to have less place."

All his college friends he loved to his life's end, and although in some instances differences of opinion led to a cessation of intercourse, much against the wishes of Dr. Arnold, yet it is gratifying to think that, had he lived a few weeks longer, Keble would probably have been under his friendly roof at Fox Howe.

We cannot do better than give here his own account of the various phases of his early opinions, from a letter to Mr. Justice Coleridge in 1840.

"Your letter interested me very deeply, and I have thought over what you say very often. Yet I believe that no man's mind has ever been more consciously influenced by others than mine has been, in the course of my life, from the time that I first met you at Corpus. I doubt whether you ever submitted to another, with the same complete deference, as I did to you when I was an under-graduate. So, afterwards, I looked up to Davison with exceeding reverence, and to Whately. Nor do I think that Keble himself has lived on in more habitual respect and admiration than I have, only the objects of these feelings have been very different. At this day I could sit at Bunsen's feet, and drink in wisdom, with almost intense reverence. But I cannot reverence the men whom Keble reverenced; and how does he feel to Luther and Milton? It gives me no pain, and no scruple whatever, to differ from those whom, after the most deliberate judgment that I can form, I cannot find to be worthy of admiration. Nor does their number affect me, when all are manifestly under the same influences, and no one seems to be a master spirit fitted to lead amongst men. But with wise men in the way of their wisdom, it would give me very great pain to differ: I can say that truly with regard to your uncle—even more with regard to Niebuhr. I do not know a single subject on which I have maintained really a paradox—that is, in which I have presumed to set up my judgment against the concurring judgment of wise men, and I trust I never should do it. But it is surely not presumption to prefer a foreign authority to one nearer home, when both are in themselves perfectly equal. For instance, suppose that any point in English law, although steadily defended by English lawyers, was at variance no less decidedly with the practice of the Roman Law, and condemned by the greatest jurists and philosophers of other countries, there can be no presumption, as it seems to me, in taking either side strongly, according as a man's conviction may be; nor ought one to be taxed with disrespect of authority in either case, because although one may be treating some great men as clearly wrong,

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yet other men no less great have justified us in doing so. Perhaps this consciousness of the actually disputed character of many points in theology and politics rendered it rarely impossible to my mind to acquiesce without inquiry into one set of opinions; the choice was not left for me to do so. I was brought up in a strong Tory family; the first impressions of my own mind shook my merely received impressions to pieces, and at Winchester I was well nigh a Jacobin. At sixteen, when I went up to Oxford, all the influences of the place which I loved exceedingly, your influence above all, blew my Jacobinism to pieces, and made me again a Tory. I used to speak strong Toryism in the old Attic Society, and greedily did I read Clarendon with all the sympathy of a thorough royalist. Then came the peace when Napoleon was put down, and the Tories had it their own way. Nothing shook my Toryism more than the strong Tory sentiments that I used to hear at —, though I liked the family exceedingly. But I heard language at which my organ of justice stood aghast, and which the more I read of the Bible, seemed to me more and more unchristian. I could not but go on inquiring, and I do feel thankful that now, and for some years past, I have been living not in scepticism, but in a very sincere faith, which embraces most unreservedly those great truths, divine and human, which the highest authorities, divine and human, seem to me concurring to teach."

In 1818, after some slight inclination to the law, which, however, in after-life, he always spoke of in terms of abhorrence, he was ordained deacon, and then settled at Laleham, near Staines, where he remained for the next nine years, preparing pupils for the Universities. By his marriage, in 1820, to Mary, the daughter of the Rev. J. Penrose, rector of Fledborough, in Nottinghamshire, he vacated his fellowship. The choice of a profession—his new duties and responsibilities as a husband and instructor and guide of others—seem to have concurred in elevating and strengthening his character.

"From this time forward (says his biographer), the peculiarities of his boyhood and early youth entirely disappear. The indolent habits—the morbid restlessness and occasional weariness of duty—the indulgence of vague schemes, without definite purpose—the intellectual doubts which beset the first opening of his mind to the realities of religious belief, when he shared, at least in part, the state of perplexity which in his later sermons he feelingly describes as the severest of earthly trials, and which so endeared to him, throughout life, the story of the confession of the Apostle Thomas,—all seem to have vanished away, and never again to have diverted him from the decisive choice and energetic pursuit of what he set before him as his end and duty. From this time forward, no careful observer can fail to trace that deep consciousness of the invisible world, and that power of bringing it before him, in the midst and through the means of his most active engagements, which constituted the peculiarity of his religious life, and the moving spring of his whole life."

The doubts here alluded to appear to have acquired strength from a morbid fear of being warped, by self-interest, to think as others did, and hence he was ever so earnest in warnings against a too minute examination of motives, and in advising a more steady attention to the practical duties of religion, as the best antidote to intellectual difficulties, which must in some degree remain unanswered in this world.

As a tutor, his conduct displayed the same leading principles which ennobled his career at Rugby. He followed the same system of getting rid of pupils likely to corrupt the others, and resolutely refusing to increase his number while there were any whom he regarded as dangerous associates, yet not so bad as to justify him in removing them altogether. The reality and sincerity of his character, and its breadth and comprehensiveness—the blessed union of high intellect and practical Christianity—produced among his pupils generally the same feelings, on which we shall dwell at greater length in our next number. His spare time was occupied in preparing his edition of *Thucydides*, and the articles on Roman history afterwards published in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, and by his review of Niebuhr, in the *Quarterly*; in the year 1825, he introduced that great historian to the English public.

At this period public affairs did not attract much of his attention, yet his letters shew that the social evils of the country began to be present

in his thoughts, while he became more convinced of the necessity of alterations in the Church Establishment, from the torpor with which all seemed to acquiesce in its existing state. He was ever inclined to oppose, rather than yield to, the current—always "to attack that evil which seemed to him most present." Now, too, his idea of Christian education grew into a more definite form, and the sermons published shortly after his going to Rugby were preached. This volume shewed how well the conventional phraseology which so much encumbers English preaching could be dispensed with, and the difference between earnest simplicity and sectarianism or extravagance. In 1827 he was elected Head Master of Rugby, chiefly in consequence of a letter from Dr. Hawkins to the trustees, in which it was truly predicted that Dr. Arnold would change the face of public education all through the public schools of England. He was ordained priest in 1828, and took his degree of D.D. in the same year.

The life of a schoolmaster is necessarily monotonous, and the incidents, however important in themselves, are unfitted for a biography. But the depth of Dr. Arnold's convictions—his intense love for his country—led him, or rather forced him, to raise his voice on subjects which brought him into collision with the outer world of political and religious strife. "I must write, or die," said he more than once. The practical and the speculative were in him so blended, that however high his views and exalted his standard, he could not rest without attempting their realization. The one great idea which was ever present in his mind, was the application of Christianity to the moral and social affairs of life, and especially to the principles of government, and hence his vehement hatred of what appeared to him evil, while the vividness of his historical associations led him to confuse the particular error attacked with the principle which he considered involved in it. This, together with the following quotation, should be borne in mind in looking at his public life.

"Conservatism in his mouth was not merely the watchword of an English party, but the symbol of an evil, against which his whole life public and private was one continued struggle, which he dreaded in his own heart no less than in the institutions of his country, and his abhorrence of which will be found to pervade not only the pamphlets which have been most condemned, but the sermons which have been most admired, namely, the spirit of resistance to all change. Jacobinism, again, in his use of the word, included not only the extreme movement party in France or England, to which he usually applied it, but all the natural tendencies of mankind, whether 'democratical, priestly, or chivalrous,' to oppose the authority of law, divine and human, which he regarded with so deep a reverence. Popular principles and democracy (when he used these words in a good sense) were not the opposition to an hereditary monarchy or peerage, which he always valued as precious elements of national life, but were inseparably blended with his strong belief in the injustice and want of sympathy generally shewn by the higher to the lower orders,—a belief which he often declared had been first brought home to him, when, after having as a young man at Oxford held the opposite view, he first began seriously to study the language used with regard to it by St. James and the Old Testament prophets. Liberal principles were not merely the expression of his adherence to a Whig ministry, but of his belief in the constant necessity of applying those principles of advance and reform, which, in their most perfect development, he conceived to be identical with Christianity itself; which even in their lower exemplifications he maintained to have been by the very constitution of human society the representatives of the cause of wisdom and goodness, in every age of the world except that before the Fall of man from Paradise, and more especially since the Christian revelation had furnished a standard of moral excellence so far above the actual institutions of mankind, with principles of moral duty, which no intermixture of races or change of national customs could possibly endanger."

His first political publication was the *Christian Duty of Conceding the Claims of the Roman Catholics*, in February 1829. In this he maintained against the Liberal party that it was not a mere political measure, but a great

national question of right and wrong, to be argued on Christian grounds, while he denied the assumption of the Tories that the clergy were the best judges, because "the origin, rights, and successive revolutions of society, were subjects which they avowedly neglected to study." In it, too, is to be found his first emphatic protest against the divorce of religion and politics, and the most complete statement of his abstract views of political science, the historical development of which he has given in the appendix to the first volume of *Thucydides*.

The alarming aspect of English society in 1830, 1831, and 1832 roused him to the greatest exertions to awaken men to the real source of these evils, and to point out the principles of Christianity as the only remedy, and their application in the social and civil relations of men as the only counterpoise to the spirit of covetousness in trade and the spirit of oppression in rank and power. He urged in vain upon the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge the adoption of a more decidedly Christian tone; he commenced a weekly newspaper entitled the *Englishman's Register*, in which he aimed at moral improvement as the sure fore-runner of political improvement, and to soothe rather than excite; to furnish facts and point out difficulties rather than press any particular measures. That it should then have failed we cannot wonder, but why should it not again be tried? Why should the field of journalism be deserted by the advocates of truth and reflection? Why should the half-informed millions be left to feed on the poison of the weekly press?—to quaff the streams from those moral gin-palaces? But to continue our narrative. Dr. Arnold also wrote a series of articles in the *Sheffield Courant*, containing a full exposition of his views on the causes of the social distress in England, which we trust is among the papers to be republished in another volume of his works.

He also prepared the way for the great work he always had in view, a Commentary on the Scriptures, by a statement of some of his general principles of interpretation in the essay in his second volume of Sermons, published in December 1831.

In 1833 appeared his celebrated pamphlet on "the Principles of Church Reform." As this was much misunderstood, and most industriously used by his enemies as the groundwork of a tissue of falsehoods, we may remark with the editor that many of the points then first suggested have since received the sanction of a large portion of public opinion, if not public practice; such as the multiplication of bishops, the revival of an inferior order of ministers or deacons in the establishment, the use of churches on week days; and that even the very principle that a national Church might include persons using a different ritual, and subscribing different articles has been sanctioned by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the appointment and duties of the Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem. But the outcry wild then raised against him almost exceeds belief. The most opposite accusations were brought against him, every accidental circumstance turned into a weapon of attack: but we pause—we will not lift the veil. We are sure that even his bitterest enemies of that period would wish it to remain undrawn. Suffice it to say he remained unmoved; his principles acquired still firmer coherency.

In his postscript to *Church Reform*, he unfolded his views of the identity of church and state. He protested against the secular view of the state in the preface to his third volume of *Thucydides*, whilst in the preface and first appendix to his third volume of Sermons, he opposed the ceremonial view of the church, and the technical cramping view of Christian theology.

Seeing that the tide of prejudice was too strong for him to obtain a hearing on other subjects, he resumed his Roman History, and,

to use the beautiful illustration of Mr. Stanley, what Fox How (his retreat in the mountains of Westmoreland) was to Rugby, that the Roman History was to the painful and conflicting thoughts roused by his writings on political and theological subjects. Honours, too, crowded thick upon his pupils at the universities.

"Then, when he was most accused of misgovernment of the place, he laid that firm hold on the esteem and affections of the elder boys which he never afterwards lost; and then, more than at any other time, when his old friends and acquaintances were falling back from him in alarm, he saw those growing up under his charge, of whom it may be truly said, that they would have been willing to die for his sake."

No one was more deeply sensible of the Christian duty of looking upon men as distinct from the parties to which they belong; of the truth that "a man is other and better than his belief." This he ever aimed to carry into his practice. However earnest his denunciations of principles, and of parties as the representative of those principles, he felt no dislike or hatred to the individuals who composed them. The circumstances, indeed, connected with the attack upon Dr. Hampden so far excited his anger and his scorn, his sense of truth and justice, and his natural impetuosity in behalf of what he deemed to be right, so strongly, that in the article published in the *Edinburgh Review* of April 1836, his language assumed far more personality and vehemence than he ever elsewhere used. The title of the article was added without his knowledge, yet the offence it caused even amongst his friends was very great, and all the political and theological hatred against him was intensely aggravated. It will perhaps surprise many to find only ten years afterwards Dr. Arnold asking Dr. Pusey, through a friend, "what he would recommend as containing a good view of the nature and interpretation of prophecy."

The year 1837-38 shewed how completely impossible it was for Dr. Arnold to belong to any party. He had accepted a fellowship in the senate of the new London University, in the hope of giving a religious direction to its proceedings, of founding an institution of national education, "Christian, but not Sectarian." He urged the essential necessity of a scriptural examination, and actually carried a resolution, December 1837, that "candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts shall pass an examination either in one of the four Gospels, or the Acts of the Apostles, in the original Greek, and also in scripture history."

This was subsequently rescinded; only a voluntary scriptural examination was instituted, and, after much reluctance, he retired, because he could not assist in continuing the separation of the Christian religion from national literature and education.

From 1838 to the close of his life, the feeling of the public became gradually changed towards him. He himself sought to dwell on the points of agreement with others, rather than those of disagreement, although he never relaxed in his exertions to oppose the Oxford school, the principles of which he regarded as leading to superstition, and then, by natural recoil, to infidelity and wickedness. He again attempted to rouse the attention of the public to the fearful moral condition of the poor, by letters published in the *Hertford Reformer*, and unsuccessful efforts to organize a society for the purpose of laying bare the evils, the heathenism, and the slavery in this, so-called, free and Christian country.

In 1840 he signed a petition for alteration in the subscription to the Liturgy and Articles, but more from his unwillingness to let others bear alone what he conceived to be an unjust odium, than from any other motive. In 1841 he published his volume of sermons, entitled "Christian Life, its Course, its Helps, and its Hindrances;" with a most powerful introduction on the subject of the Oxford school. His own isolation, and the despondent view he took of public affairs,

now influenced his mind greatly, in spite of the continued and blissful happiness of his domestic life, and the daily increase of the school in public estimation.

In the autumn of 1841, to his great joy, he was appointed Professor of Modern History. How he was received at Oxford, and how his lectures were admired by all, is well known. But his end was drawing near. His tone and manner, almost instinctively, became more earnest, more solemn, more Christian. Accidental causes, which need not be detailed, developed more fully and sweetly all the natural tenderness of his domestic character. A short illness prevented him from delivering his final lecture on Gregory the Great, in May 1842, but his elastic constitution seemed to have recovered all its strength. The heavy business at the close of the half-year was entered upon with full vigour and spirits. Plans were formed for the approaching holidays. Some of his children had gone to prepare Fox Howe for him. On Saturday, the 11th of June, a portion of the school left for the holidays. At nine o'clock in the evening he gave his usual supper to the Sixth Form boys of his own house, and, with all his joyous cheerfulness, spoke of the future. He said, too, alluding to the departure of so many of the boys, "How strange the chapel will look to-morrow"—words awfully prophetic. Before retiring to rest, he made the following last entry in his diary:—

"The day after to-morrow is my birth-day, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birth-day since my birth. How large a portion of life on earth is already passed, and then what is to follow this life! How visibly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age! In one sense, how nearly can I now say 'Vixi!' and I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully mortified. I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh; especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But, above all, let me mind my own personal work—to keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing, labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it."

Between five and six o'clock on Sunday morning he was taken ill—at eight he was dead.

Verily, "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise"—HE THOUGHT OF THESE THINGS.

PHILOSOPHY.

Human Nature: a Philosophical Exposition of the Divine Institution of Reward and Punishment, which obtains in the Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Institutions of Man. With an Introductory Essay, &c. &c. London, 1844. Chapman, Newgate-street.

RELIGION, argues the author of this eloquent essay, has been sadly changed and perverted, since it came from the lips of its Divine founder. "The grandeur of Christianity has been obscured, its sublimest designs have been thwarted, its truths distorted and defaced, and in practice the spirit of its doctrines would seem to have departed." But he has brighter hopes for the future; dogmatism is departing to give place to inquiry; the understanding is beginning to be recognized as the only safe guide in the pursuit of truth.

But before the desired results can be obtained, men must discern the true nature and object of religion, which is thus set forth:—

"They must perceive that its purpose is the progressive unfolding and development of their entire being. The tempting forth of all the faculties of man. It is the education of the soul from unconsciousness to consciousness. It is education. It is a foundation

of living waters springing up into everlasting life." It is re-union of the human with the Divine nature: Christ in us—a vivifying spirit.

"It dwelleth not in mere forms;—it eludeth all attempt at embodiment. It clotheth itself with language as with a garment, from which it escapeth, as its texture assumeth the quality of fixedness and custom. It liveth in perpetual formations and re-formations. It will not be petrified into words; progression is its law, and the most cunningly devised creeds can never contain it.

"Religion, or the science of human culture and development, is the loftiest of every department of philosophy, and to which all others must yield subervency and contribution.

"Yet of all sciences, hitherto, it has perhaps been the one most neglected. Systems of the grossest error and confusion have supplied the place of rationality and truth. Clearness has been sacrificed to mystery—and the enlightening powers of reason and the understanding have been held in the darksome fetters of superstition."

All discoveries in science and art are but other forms of revelation. When we shall have investigated the spiritual laws, and perceive that compliance with them will as surely be followed by discoveries or revelations of a spiritual nature, man's entire nature will be evolved, all his faculties unfolded, and genius become the universal endowment of humanity.

Then religion will assert for herself the glory of being the great primary science, including all philosophy within her circle, and of the materials thence afforded her temple will be erected.

The philosophy of human nature, therefore, is a branch of religion!

God is infinite in being, and true religion lies in the recognition that being is the greatest good. Thence it immediately results, that man's greatest duty consists in the enlargement and development of himself by means of action.

Virtuous actions are those which contribute to form and evolve the true and God-like nature of man; vicious actions are those that obstruct the development of that nature, and substitute self-nature in its place.

"A philosophical and true standard of right and wrong, good and evil, to which every action may be referred, is the only foundation of all true ethics.

"It is this alone which can generate a religion permanently serviceable to man. For a perfect apprehension of the nature of good and evil would be the sure impulse and motive force whence all action would originate, and by means of which results might be calculated and secured, with as much certainty as that the seasons will continue their appointed revolution. Seeing that every volition would be founded on faith, faith on conviction, and conviction on the deductions of the understanding.

"For clear, exact, and certain knowledge of what is conducive to happiness, in the truest and most comprehensive sense of that term, as surely determines the course of conduct denominated virtuous (as far as that knowledge extends) as the most perfect acquaintance with any given physical phenomena can insure the production of any given physical result.

"Men are no more capable of doing voluntarily what they are certain will involve them in misery, than a stone is capable of its own accord of flying upwards. Were it otherwise, human beings would possess no moral nature, and would be capable of no moral conduct.

"The fools and the madmen to whom mists are realities, are satisfied in their judgments; but it is not so with those who see dimly through the fog, and suspect there may be better paths than those they are pursuing. This suspicion, as light breaks in, may at last become conviction strong enough to subdue even the habit or inclination by which a wrong path is made easy, and a departure from it difficult. Here, indeed, such overpowering conviction may not reach the majority of mankind at present: they may be compelled, as heretofore, to wear out life in struggles between right and wrong, between inclination and duty, between future good and present solicitation, but are we forbidden to hope, for future generations, a gradual alleviation of so painful a conflict, in proportion as what is good, and what is evil, shall be made plainer to the eye of reason? At least may we affirm, that all learning has, or ought to have, this consummation in view."

This consummation being fully realized, good and evil will be readily defined and recognized: then the kingdom of God will dwell within us; then, the life-purpose of all men will consist in successive and perpetual re-formations; all science and the outward world will be subordi-

nate to the realization of this primary object; education will be exalted to the loftiest rank of our vocations.

"To this end the seed-like origin and growth of the mind must also be practically recognized as a fundamental principle of this noblest science,—the Religion or education of humanity. All nature is pregnant with this fact. The ordinations of Deity ever repeat themselves, and are the same throughout every department of Creation. All things containing life are seminal in the beginning, and developed from within. The entire animal and vegetable kingdoms are pervaded by this principle, and both are equally subject to the same law. First the seed, then the stalk, and afterwards the ear; first the germ, then the unconscious infant, and afterwards the man; for he is no exception to this universal law. His existence is, as it were, a creation from the kingdom of death and chaos unto life and light; and this assimilation to being is ever by the most silent and invisible mode, and so gradual in its progress that it will scarcely be detected by the most vigilant eye. Its growth can only be ascertained by comparison of distinct epochs, and not by continual observation."

This principle of evolution governs all nature. Every nation has risen from an obscure point; the region of thought and feeling is governed by the same law.

"The powers of Genius, however brilliant and extensive; the intellect in all its grandeur and comprehensiveness; the most towering and lofty imagination; the boldest conception; the profoundest sentiment; or intensest passion which can engage or animate the human soul, were all once feeble and insignificant, and are what they are by virtue of the law of progression; whose power has raised them from the condition of the seed in which they all pre-existed, to their present fulness and perfection."

"In like manner the mighty thoughts which at times have so terribly agitated and convulsed the world, and to which its civilizations have vibrated from the very centre to the circumference; those silent and invisible agents to which all others yield obedience; those living fountains of unceasing change; those perpetual formers and re-formers; those parents of epochs and originators of revolutions; whose appearance fills the despot with apprehension and fear; at whose bidding the foundations of his empire tremble; whose weapons of destruction are unseen, and therefore cannot be averted; whose powers are invincible and continually augmented by their tributary—Time; whose vitality is immortal; and before whose irresistible fiat all civil and religious institutions, all social arrangements whatsoever, not founded on Truth and Love, must inevitably be swept into the Chaos of Oblivion; even these mightiest agents of man which are now diffused throughout the earth, and animate the myriads which inhabit it, were once as impotent as they now are powerful; and instead of having the hearts of millions for their habitation, were once confined to the narrow bounds of one isolated being, whence they originated, were evolved and disseminated for growth and reproduction."

It is a further law of life, equally pervading the spiritual as the physical sphere, that *in exact proportion to the length of time required for the evolution or maturity of any element or being, will be the degree of its perfection.* The inferior is developed first, the superior last.

"In the progression of civilization or universal humanity, the same principle is likewise apparent. First the physical, then the intellectual, and afterwards the moral elements of society are evolved. Or, in other words, nations are first governed by the law of Might, secondly by the law of Right, and lastly by the law of Love."

Such is the ingenious, and, it must be owned, very beautiful theory expounded by the author of this volume in his introductory essay. Subsequently he proceeds to apply it to the investigation of future rewards and punishments, picturing, as so many others have done before him, the heaven and hell which seem to him to accord with the argument we have subtracted. Into this more fanciful portion of his volume we will not follow him. That which has been given of it will be sufficient to shew that the writer not only thinks profoundly, but expresses himself eloquently. It is refreshing to light upon a book which has so much originality of conception as this, and in which the writer is bold enough to have an opinion of his own. Its worth we leave to the judgment of our readers.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Western Barbary; its Wild Tribes and Savage Animals. By JOHN H. DRUMMOND HAY, Esq. London, 1844. J. Murray.

MR. HAY informs us in his preface that the journey whose results are chronicled in this volume was undertaken for the purpose of procuring for the Queen "a barb of the purest blood from some of the breeders of horses in the region around Larache."

He enjoyed peculiar advantages for such a mission. He had resided for many years at Tangier, where his father had been consul-general, and he was intimately acquainted with the dialect of the Arabic spoken in the district he was about to explore. Moreover, he knew something of the country, for being fond of sporting, he had occasionally joined the hunts of the natives, penetrating some way into the interior, and sharing the fatigues, the perils, and the hospitalities of the native huntsmen.

Mr. HAY warns his readers not to be startled by the wonderful stories upon which they will stumble in various parts of his narrative. He assures us, not that they are true of his own knowledge, but that they are faithful repetitions of tales told to him by the Moors. This is very probable, for literal adherence to fact is not one of the virtues of Moorish imagination.

The style of the narrative is singularly curt and abrupt, the author loving short sentences and brief paragraphs, and he not unfrequently strings them together, without much care for a connecting chain of thought to link them in the reader's memory. He tells one fact, and has done with it; then, in the next sentence, it may be another which has no cognizable association with its predecessor, or with its successor. But, then, he wastes no words. He says what he has to say in the fewest words. He tells as much in one page as most writers would expand into a dozen pages; this is a rare merit now-a-days, and acceptable, though purchased at the price of some hardness and lack of fancy.

But he takes us over ground almost trodden. The greater part of that which he describes is new to Europeans, and hence his tour has a value independently of its merits as a book of amusement.

There is, however, a fault which detracts considerably from its readableness. No small portion of the volume consists of conversations, in which are told a multitude of extraordinary stories that have very much the air of romance. We have some doubt indeed whether these dialogues are not altogether imaginary—a framework invented by the author for the purpose of introducing his marvellous tales, without subjecting himself to the responsibility of telling them as upon his own authority. Their admission, under any circumstances, is certainly to be regretted, as throwing suspicion upon the book; and the consciousness that they are not to be relied upon takes so much from their attraction, that we think the work would have been better without them.

So little method is observed by the author, that it would be vain to attempt to follow him in his travels; we shall, therefore, gather at random some of the passages which appear to have the most freshness for the reader.

A MOORISH CUSTOM.

"I interrupted our new acquaintance in his story, to point out to my Spanish friend some Moors thrashing corn. Mares with their colts tied abreast by the head or neck are used for this work. One man stands in the middle holding the reins, whilst another shouts and applies the whip or goad when necessary. Mules and donkeys are employed in bringing the sheaves.

"The country folk are dressed in light woollen shirts, their arms and legs bare; a red cap or small turban covers the head; their shoes are religiously left at the margin of the thrashing-floor, it being regarded as holy ground by all the children of the East. I remarked that they carefully avoid making any calculation of the produce of their harvest, and are offended if you question them as to their expectations, checking you by the grave reply, 'As God may please.'

"There is a curious custom which seems to be a relic of their pagan masters, who made this and the adjoining regions of North Africa the main granary of their Latin empire. When the young corn has sprung up, which it does about the middle of February, the women of the villages make up the figure of a female, the size of a very large doll, which they dress in the gaudiest fashion they can contrive, covering it with ornaments, to which all in the village contribute something; and they give it a tall peaked head-dress. This image they carry in procession round their fields, screaming and singing a peculiar ditty. The doll is borne by the foremost woman, who must yield it to any one who is quick enough to take the lead of her; which is the cause of much racing and squabbling. The men also have a similar custom, which they perform on horseback. They call the image *Mata*."

ARAB TENTS.

"A simple reed-mat is spread as a floor, over which the wealthy lay a goat's-hair carpet. Every family has its brood of chickens, and these have their roosting quarter in a distant nook or compartment of the tent.

"In one corner is to be seen the primitive hand-mill, which may at once be described by saying that it is in all respects the same simple machine that has been used from time immemorial by the inhabitants of our British Isles, and is yet to be seen as the quern of Scotland; and the biblical reader, on seeing it worked by the women of West Barbary, will be reminded of the doom prophesied in the Gospel, 'Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken and the other left.'"

"The millstones used throughout a great part of Al-gharb are cut from a vast cave about a mile and a half south of Cape Spartel, which, from the considerable extent it has been worked for this and other purposes, seems to indicate a quarry of very great antiquity; and, indeed, I am led to believe that the cave sacred to Hercules, as recorded by Mela, was situated at this very spot."

"But to return to the interior of the Arab's tent. One sees near the quern two earthen slabs, between which they bake flat cakes of wheaten flour, or of barley, dra, or maize; all which are agreeable food when fresh. Their wheat and barley cakes are very like our Scots skons and bannocks, both in taste and appearance.

"In another place is seen the spinning-wheel and distaff, and a loom also; all these implements are evidently of the earliest forms, and are probably identically those of the days of Abraham. A large and grotesque-fashioned chest, painted in a rude but not inelegant Arabesque tracery of red, white, and blue colouring, with a few earthen jars, a saddle, and a long gun, complete the furniture of an Arab's home.

"During the day, their scanty couches are suspended like hammocks from the roof-pole; thus allowing a freer space to the women in their domestic employments."

MOORISH DEFINITION OF BEAUTY.

"Here I must present to the reader the Moorish estimate of female beauty, although I am aware that others have given it; for it is found also among the Oriental Arabs, from whom indeed those of Al-gharb derive not only their parentage, but all their more refined ideas, and whatever they retain of poetry in thought and language.

"Four things in a woman should be black—the hair, the eyebrows, the eyelashes, and the iris of the eyes: four should be white—the complexion, the white of the eyes, the teeth, and legs: four red—the tongue, the lips, the middle of the cheeks, and the gums: four long—the back, the fingers, the arms, and the legs: four round—the head, the neck, the arms, and the ankles: four wide—the forehead, the eyes, the bosom, and the hips: four delicate—the nose, the eyebrows, the lips, and fingers: four ample—the lower part of the back, the thighs, the calves of the legs, and the knees: four small—the ears, the breasts, the hands, and the feet."

VALUE OF A WIG.

"I remember poor Davidson mentioning to me the general belief he had found prevalent amongst the Arabs in those parts of the Levant which travellers seldom frequent, that the Frank is in league with devils, witches, and uncharitably beings. He told me that, on more than one occasion, he had profited by such fancies, when his life had been in danger from the wild tribes among whom he had ventured. Davidson was bald, and wore at that time a toupet. A body of Arabs, having surrounded him, had commenced plundering his effects, and threatened even his life; when suddenly Davidson, calling upon them to beware how they provoked the Christian's power, dashed his false hair to the ground, saying, 'Behold my locks; your beards shall go next!' The Arabs fled, abandoning their plunder."

* Matthew xxiv. 41.

† These excavations extend for a considerable distance into the sea; and traces of quarrying are in many places clearly discernible several feet below the present low-water mark.

The following is a horrible but graphic sketch of

AN EXECUTION IN BARBARY.

"As we hastened towards the party, we perceived they had two prisoners, who were secured with ropes fastened round their arms and waist. I recognized one of them to be a native of Reef, who had formerly been a gardener in the service of one of my friends at Tangier. He was a fine, tall, handsome youth, and his countenance was far from indicating anything vicious and depraved. Having joined them, I inquired of the kaid of the soldiers what was the cause of these men being led as prisoners.

"The sultan—may God prolong his life!" said he, "has ordered that their heads be cut off; they have been carrying on a contraband trade in oxen on the coast of Reef with the infidel Spaniard."

"This, indeed," I replied, "is a severe punishment for such a crime: and if it be intended as a warning to others, why prevent the people of Tangier from witnessing it?"

"Reason not with me, Nazarene," said the kaid; "I have my orders, and shall soon obey them."

"The Jewish slaughter-ground had been selected as the spot for the execution. There we found a depraved-looking Moor dressed as a butcher, holding in his hand a small knife about half a foot long. This man, we were informed, was the executioner; he was a stranger, and had been hired to act on this occasion; for the Mahomedan butchers of Tangier, who are the persons constrained to perform such service when a regular executioner cannot be found, had taken refuge in the sanctuary of Mesmoody; and had it not been for this person offering his services, the authorities would have been much perplexed how to obey the mandate of the sultan; though the commander of the troops, when informed by the governor of the difficulty, drew his sword, and exclaimed, 'Let the criminals be brought to me, and I shall always be found ready to execute the orders of the prince of believers, be they what they may.'

"A morbid curiosity chained me to the spot, although I foresaw that I should have to witness a most horrid scene.

"Some wrangling now ensued between the kaid's soldiers and the executioner as to the reward which the latter was to receive for decapitating the poor wretches; who, all the time, were standing by, compelled to listen to this bartering for their blood. The butcher insisted that four dollars had been offered him for one head alone, and that he must have a second four for the other. The kaid unwillingly yielded the point, and immediately the first victim, who was already half dead with terror, was thrown down on the ground by the executioner, who, kneeling on his breast, put the knife to his throat. I turned away, a violent struggle ensued, and I heard the executioner say, 'Give me another knife; mine won't cut.' I looked round; the wretched man was lying with his throat half cut, his breast heaving, and every limb writhing! My companion now loudly reproached the party for their cold-blooded atrocity, and called upon them to put the suffering man out of his misery. After a time another knife was handed by a soldier to the executioner, and the head was severed.

"The soldiers shouted feebly 'May God prolong the life of our sultan!' though I observed that many of them were as much horrified as ourselves.

"I remained riveted on the spot, while yet another victim awaited his fate. This was the fine-looking fellow of whom I have spoken: again there took place a bartering for his blood; the kaid denying his last promise, and declaring that he would not give even the four dollars unless the head of the second criminal was cut off. To this the executioner was at length forced to consent. The culprit now begged to be untied. This request being acceded to, he took off his gelab, and giving it to the soldier who had performed this last act of kindness towards him, said, 'Accept this; we shall yet meet in another world.' His turban he threw to another, who had uttered a word of pity, instead of joining in the insulting shout of the soldiery; and walking steadily to the spot where his companion lay, he cried out with a distinct voice, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomed is his prophet.' Then turning to the executioner, he loosened his girdle, and gave it to him, saying, 'For the love of God, sever my head with better despatch than you did that of my brother.' He laid himself flat on the ground, yet moist with blood; and the knee of the ruffian, for so he deserved to be called, was placed on the Reefian's breast. A horse-man was now seen galloping towards the party.

"A relieve!" shouted my friend. "Stop! stop!" The executioner withheld his knife.

"It is only the son of the governor," exclaimed a soldier; "he is coming to see the execution. Wait for him."

"I rushed away in horror; and soon afterwards we saw the soldiers bearing in their hands the two bleeding heads."

It seems that madmen and idiots are singularly privileged in this barbarous country.

They may do what mischief they please, even to the slaughter of the sane, without restraint. Our traveller had nearly lost his life from an encounter with one of these irresponsible ruffians.

MEETING A MANIAC.

"The madman or idiot is universally looked upon in West Barbary as a person to be held in reverence. The Moor tells you that God has retained their reason in heaven, whilst their body is on earth; and that when madmen or idiots speak, their reason is for the time permitted to return to them, and that their words should be treasured up as those of inspired persons. These wretched people are allowed to parade the streets in a state of nudity, and the maniacs sometimes prove most dangerous to unwary Europeans. A French consul-general some years ago was nearly killed by a sainted madman, and in 1830 I had a very narrow escape for my life from another.

"I happened to be walking on the sea-shore with my sister immediately below the walls of the town of Tangier, when I espied above us a wild-looking fellow about seventy or eighty yards off, with a clotted head of hair that bespoke a sainted madman aiming at me with his long gun, which he had rested on the wall. We were near a rock at the time, behind which we took refuge, and waited there a good while, in the hope that the madman's patience would be worn out; but he did not stir, and the passers by, whom I appealed to for their interference, shook their heads, muttered something about Seedy Tayeb, which proved to be the name of the saint, and went their way. In the meantime the tide was rising rapidly, and we had the unpleasant choice of being drowned or shot. We agreed it was better to risk the latter; so telling my sister to run off in another direction, I stepped forward and gave him the preference of a standing shot. The maniac took aim and fired; and I heard the ball whiz into the water behind me. I was proceeding to run up to him by a path which led to that part of the town wall where he was standing, when I observed that he was coolly reloading his gun; and as the next shot at close quarters might have proved more effective, I thought the best thing I could do was to follow my sister; so I fairly took to my heels."

Perhaps the following might not be without its parallel in our own land of civilization. We have also a market for wives, but it is held in ball-rooms instead of bazaars.

A WIFE-MARKET.

"In the district of Bemim Soora, a mountainous country inhabited entirely by Berber tribes, there is one place, where, during the fair, a barter of a very curious kind takes place. This fair is held only once a year, and is chiefly resorted to for the purpose of bachelors finding wives, married men adding to their matrimonial treasures, and maidens or widows getting husbands. In fact, the whole affair resolves itself into the women selling themselves: but to escape the ignominy of such a procedure, the traffic is carried on in the following manner:—

"Each lady desiring to enter into wedlock dresses herself in her best and most becoming attire, and taking with her a piece of cloth of her own weaving, sits down unveiled in the market-place. The men, both young and old, who are candidates for matrimony, parade about the market examining the texture of the cloth displayed by the ladies, and scrutinizing at the same time their looks and behaviour. Should the customer be pleased with the maiden, he inquires the price of the cloth; she replies by naming what she would expect as a dowry, and the amount of this she raises or depresses according as the candidate for her heart may please her, resorting to the demand of an exorbitant sum should she be averse to the purchaser. During this barter, the enamoured swain is able, in some degree, to judge of her temper and character. If they come to an agreement, the parents of the girl are appealed to; and they have the right to assent or not, as they please. Should they assent, the parties adjourn to a public notary, the contract is made, and the purchased bride is carried off to her new home.

"In this traffic, widows are at a low price in general, and divorced ladies sell their cloths very cheap. The wife thus purchased cannot be resold, however much the purchaser may repent of his bargain. She is his lawful wedded wife, and retains the purchase money, which is her jointure or dowry.

"It is evident that this curious system of barter has been resorted to by these Mahomedan mountaineers as a means of evading the law of the Prophet, which interdicts all courtship before marriage."

Here is

A NOVEL RELIGIOUS EXERCISE.

"A flat white stone of circular form, smooth as if polished by man, and of a substance like marble, is the object of religious veneration. It is called the Leap-stone, and such of the pilgrims as can jump over it are looked upon as blessed by the Deity; whereas the evil-disposed are sure, when they make the attempt, either to alight on the stone or to touch some

part of it. It is raised but a few inches from the ground, and appears so small, that the hadj fancied he could almost stride it. He said, however, that he had never attempted to leap over it; for amongst hundreds whom he had witnessed make the trial, there were not half a dozen who succeeded: 'and this,' said he, with a look of sadness, 'is a melancholy proof of the wickedness of man in these degenerate days.'

An appendix gives an interesting account of the unfortunate Davidson. Our traveller's mission was unsuccessful. He did not procure the barb for which he had wandered so far. His narrative is, however, a valuable addition to Mr. Murray's *Colonial and Home Library*.

The Highlands of Scotland. By a PEDESTRIAN. Newcastle. 1843.

NOTHING would seem to be so easy as tour-writing; but, in truth, nothing is more difficult, save that which every novice attempts, a tragedy! The tourist's task appears a very simple one: he has but to set down what he sees, as he sees it, and he is sure to please. But it is in the simplicity of the thing that its difficulty lies. The last lesson an author learns is to tell his story in the fewest and plainest words. All, when they begin to write, imagine that good writing consists in being as far removed as possible from plainness: they must draw from imagination, colour with epithets, go out of their way for fine words, and strain after poetical raptures and undefined phrases, which are mistaken for sublimities.

The paucity of really good books of travel, amid the multitude yearly issued from the press, is thus explained. They are written, for most part, by unpractised pens, and they attempt the fine, the poetical, or the profound, where the reader requires nothing more than the fact. We want to know how places look, and what man does; we care not a rush for the author's reflections upon them; we are pleased when we see the impressions made upon the perceptions of the author vividly reproduced, and we call it a charming book. The tour-writer, who would be popular, must accommodate himself to the taste of his readers, instead of indulging his own; and the reader's taste, in this instance, is the wholesome and natural one.

The tour upon our table certainly possesses the recommendation of being singularly unaffected. The anonymous author appears to have seated himself at his desk with intent to tell a plain tale about the things he had seen in the Highlands, and, consequently, he has produced a volume which may be described as a very readable one. But while avoiding the besetting sin of tour-writers, he has fallen into the opposite fault, and describes too minutely. His pictures are too full of details. He does not compose them of broad outlines, which the reader's fancy can better fill up than any words can do; but he descends to particulars that verge upon twaddle. He wants life and spirit to carry the reader with him unweariedly from place to place: another essential ingredient in traveller authorcraft. Still, even with these drawbacks, our Pedestrian's Tour is a respectable production,—superior to nine-tenths of the works of its class that lumber the booksellers' shelves. Although he trod ground that has been well explored and often described, he contrived to pick up a good deal of novelty; and we shall glean some passages that will repay perusal, and not the less so, because the book, being published in the provinces, is not likely to be known to the readers of THE CRITIC. They will sufficiently illustrate our remarks, and therefore we string them together.

The title of "The Modern Athens," which has been bestowed upon Edinburgh, does not appear to be supported in one of the aspects in which we should most have looked for it:—

THE DRAMA IN EDINBURGH.

"Judging from what we saw this evening, I cannot think the taste of an Edinburgh audience very refined; any thing beautiful in sentiment, or sublime in imagination, which the genius of Sir Walter had placed in

the original strange tra-
passed over
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the original novels, and which had survived the strange transformation the tales had undergone, was passed over with gloomy silence; whilst a stupid joke, or broad grin, which required little stretch of the intellect to appreciate, was received with 'bravo,' 'excellent,' and rounds of applause. The representation of 'poor Peter Peebles' getting drunk was hailed with tumultuous approbation, while the superior characters of Alan Fairford and Darsie Latimer were hardly noticed. Another absurdity of the evening's amusement was a party of six or seven men coming on to the stage, with each a pair of hand-bells, which they jingled to what was called a tune;—the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds,—the gentlemen cheered until they were hoarse, and the ladies waved aloft their scented handkerchiefs;—again and again 'encore' was called by the delighted audience,—again and again, did the little bells raise their shrill sounds; until at length, the 'Bell Melodists' retired amid thunders of applause, and the manager announced his intention of securing their invaluable services for a longer period."

This is worth recording. A plain tomb bears the following

EPITAPH ON ALLAN RAMSAY.

"Many and various as were the toms we met with, none that attracted more of our attention than a plain tablet to the memory of Ramsay, bearing the following inscription:—

"In this cemetery was interred the mortal part
Of an immortal poet,
ALLAN RAMSAY,
Author of the Gentle Shepherd, and other admirable poems
In the Scottish Dialect.
He was born in 1686, and died in 1758.
No sculptured marble here, no pompous lay,
No stonied urn or animated bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.
Tho' here you're buried, worthy Allan,
We'll ne'er forget you, canty callan,
For while your soul lives in the sky,
Your Gentle Shepherd ne'er can die."

Our pedestrian's poetical flights are generally somewhat commonplace, and his descriptions of fine scenery are sometimes tame and prosaic. We must except this picture of

ALLAN WATER.

"The 'Bridge of Allan' is a sweet little village on the banks of Allan Water, about four miles from Stirling. Some mineral springs in the neighbourhood, and the delightful situation of the village, have caused it to be selected as a watering-place, or resort for invalids, for whose accommodation a great number of neat buildings have been erected as lodging-houses; and the whole appears complete, with reading-room, promenade, and the other indispensables of such places.

"At the west end of the village, a single arch of the most simple construction forms a bridge across the Allan Water, from whence we beheld a scene of rustic beauty that will not easily be equalled; the clear stream flowing gently along its pebbly bed, through a lovely glen, the banks of which were thickly clad with the venerable oak and other forest-trees, save where the black rock shewed its barren front, partly covered with curious lichens, or bearing up the drooping flower of the wild hyacinth. At a little distance up the glen, where the stream first shewed its silver thread from behind the hills, stood a low picturesque water-mill, overgrown with ivy; the beautiful forest of oak, elm, and birch clustering around, and the continual thrum of its rude wheel forming an appropriate adjunct to the picture. 'This scene,' says a gentleman who afterwards visited the same spot, 'is a perfect composition, glorious to gaze upon; we looked around absolutely bewildered with the beauty of every object; it is indeed an earthly paradise.'"

Here we have a good story of

HIGHLAND LONGEVITY.

"The Highlands are proverbial for the longevity of their inhabitants; the number of aged people met with in their secluded vales is sure to strike all travellers. I frequently afterwards noticed this, but could not often obtain the age of the individuals. We were told, that a few years ago an Englishman, travelling in the north, came to a village where one of its inhabitants, named John Gordon, had attained the age of 132; anxious to gain a sight of the patriarch, the stranger called at his cottage, where he found a venerable-looking man knitting stockings. 'So, my old friend, can you see to knit at your advanced age?—one hundred and thirty-two is a great age!' 'Deil's it the man,' replied the youth he addressed, 'it will be my grandfather ye're seekin, I'm only seventy-three.' Proceeding further, he encountered a debilitated old man, whose grey hairs told that he had long since passed the meridian of life. 'You seem very fresh, Sir, for your age.' 'O! ye'll be wanting my father, I reckon, he's in the kale-yard.' In the garden the traveller, at length, found the object of his search, digging potatoes, and humming the ballad of the 'battle of Harlaw.' 'I had some

trouble to find you, friend; but I met your son and grandson who look as old as yourself; your labour is rather hard for so old a man.' 'It is,' replied John, 'but I'm thankful I'm able for't, as the ladies, puir things, are na' verra stout now.'"

It seems that an album is kept at the hotel at Loch Lomond, in which idle travellers scribble the uppermost folly of the moment. The following are specimens:—

"William Peacock Lawrence of Bath,
Going up the mountain lost his path;
And coming down, had cause to grumble
At many a most confounded tumble."

"Tourists, I only tell you what,
On Lomond's top I lost my hat;
Enveloped in a cloud of mist,
If I saw anything, I'm blest."

"On Lomond's top we stood to view
The rising sun's first ray;
But sad our case, we grieve to tell,
The mist was in our way."

How does romance picture in glowing hues the happiness of those who dwell amid the magnificent scenery of the mountains—the free children of the mist and the glen! Hear Reality:—

HIGHLAND HABITATIONS.

"During this part of our journey we passed through several of the poorer sort of villages, than which it would be difficult to find more wretched collections of hovels. We could scarcely believe that human beings could submit, contentedly, to occupy dwellings so deficient in comfort and cleanliness, let alone live cheerfully in such filthy abodes. The huts are built of sods and round stones, without any cement, and covered with heath or layers of turf: the walls being made wider at the bottom, and inclined inward to enable them to resist the wind. They are generally divided into two apartments, by a few rough fir posts laced with heather—one of these being for the kyle, the pony, or the pigs, and the other the family dwelling—without window, or any opening for the admission of light, save a shapeless hole, which in stormy weather is stuffed with brushwood. In one part is the peat fire on a square flag, and over it hangs the iron pot which forms the whole cooking apparatus of the household—serving for porridge in the morning, and for kale or potatoes at noon. A chimney is often unknown, and the hole in the roof formed in lieu thereof cannot be placed directly over the fire, as in case of a shower of rain it would soon be extinguished; consequently, the dense smoke, after filling the hut, while seeking with laudable anxiety the legitimate vent, is necessitated to make its exit at the door, which it cannot succeed in doing until it has left its mark on everything, both animate and inanimate. This is perhaps one reason why we see so many blind among the old people, besides the great numbers with inflamed or bleared eyes; and most of the peasantry, both young and old, have a tanned, smoke-dried appearance from the same circumstance."

And again, listen, dreamers, to the author's conclusion, and bless God that you dwell in a land of less grandeur but more fertility:—

"Little must be expected in the shape of general remarks on this country or its inhabitants; for I must confess, that delighted as we were with the unrivalled scenery through which we passed, the inhabitants fell far short of the ideas given respecting them by national writers. We looked in vain for the noble form and open countenance of the bold mountaineer, clad in martial tartan, as described by Scott;—their figure and bearing seem altered,—their generous and hospitable feelings are too often clouded by avarice and moroseness: in every particular do they appear degenerated, but in none more than in dress, as we only saw three individuals in the full attire of kilt, spleuchan, and plaid; the children, certainly, were often in ragged kilts and tartan jackets, but the men generally wore rough suits of blue flannel, with a Lowland bonnet of the same material."

A Tour in Ireland, with Meditations and Reflections. By Dr. JAMES JOHNSON. London, 1844. Highley.

So multitudinous are the *Tours* to which the groaning press gives birth, and of late so many are those that have Ireland upon their title-pages, that we find it utterly impossible, even within our pretty extensive columns, to keep pace with the progress of publication, giving to each one the sort of notice which a book of this class is fairly entitled to, if it have any merit at all. We have, therefore, no alternative but to select the most interesting for formal review, and briefly to introduce the others.

Among those that must be summarily dismissed, is Dr. JOHNSON'S *Tour in Ireland*, which has little of novelty to recommend it, either in the subject

or in its treatment. He visited Ireland during last autumn, when the repeal fever was at its height, and he has brought away some sketches of the monster meetings, and of the state of feeling and opinion at the time, which, however, was pretty accurately recorded by the daily papers. The Doctor's chief merit lies in the moral courage with which he avows his opinion on every topic, regardless whether or not it happened to coincide with the public prejudices. Hence he tells some wholesome truths about Ireland, which the statesman and politician might hear with advantage. We cite one short passage on a subject of very great importance, and which cannot fail to interest the reader. It is a vivid sketch of the practical working of

IRISH NATIONAL EDUCATION.

"Under the guidance of the amiable and accomplished Miss O'Donnell, who took a large share in the education of the girls, I spent several hours in the convent, chiefly in the school-rooms, and observed attentively the mode of instruction and its results. The young students varied in age, from six to ten years, more or less, and the system of tuition appeared most excellent. I was present at several examinations, and propounded questions to the girls myself—not without astonishment at the proficiency to which they had attained. They had the history of the Bible, together with all the great events of the Jewish and Christian dispensations, at their fingers' ends—and answered correctly all questions on the leading points of Christian faith, doctrines, and morals, with remarkable clearness and intelligence! They were not embarrassed in the slightest degree by various cross-questions put to them by myself and others, proving that they were not crammed for the purpose of display, but well grounded in the subjects of their study. But their knowledge of geography, astronomy, statistics, &c., surprised me most of all. Over a very large chart of Europe, Miss O'Donnell caused some of her pupils, not more than nine or ten years of age, to trace with a wand, the various kingdoms, states, and cities, together with their population, religion, forms of government, &c., which they pointed out with an accuracy that was almost incredible. In reading, they displayed the same proficiency, as to orthography, grammar, &c. &c. Now, when we consider that this system of national education is pervading every city, town, and village in Ireland—that it penetrates even into the gaol and the poor-house, we may form some anticipation of what 'Young Ireland' may be in the next generation! I have no hesitation in avowing that the beggars' brats in the bastilles are now receiving a more efficient and practical education than the children of the highest aristocracy in the three kingdoms! That the fruits of this system will eventuate in a moral—perhaps political revolution, before the end of the present century, I have no doubt. If knowledge be power—and if primary education be the essential step to the acquisition of knowledge, then let the upper classes of society look out for squalls! I do not wonder that a large portion of them are already alarmed, and that they are endeavouring indirectly to check the progress of national instruction, by clogging it with a creed which they hope the pupils will not swallow. But this is a vain expectation. The tiger, who has once tasted human blood, will never cease his struggles to get more of the crimson beverage; and so it is with the Irish youth. After tasting the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they will never desist from climbing, till every branch of that tree is robbed of its apples. It is allowed that knowledge, like love, is one of the greatest levellers of all distinctions and ranks—and that, like wealth, it begets the desire for more. It is also the great antagonist to error, and the ally, if not the parent of truth. All those, therefore, who are interested in the retention or propagation of error, will naturally oppose themselves to national education, as the avenue to knowledge and truth. This class of opponents includes incalculable myriads, open and masked! The struggle between knowledge and truth, on one side, and ignorance and error on the other, will be long, though the final issue can hardly be doubtful."

We cannot recommend this work to any but the largest circulating libraries. It is not likely to find many readers.

FICTION.

Cartouche, the celebrated French Robber. By R. B. PEAKE. In 3 vols. London, Cunningham. 1844.

THE hero of this very clever novel is the Gil Blas of Paris. The plot, if it deserve the name, is a flimsy framework that serves to bring together a number of scenes of Parisian life and crime, and tragic and comic adventures, which are told in the author's peculiarly lively, graphic, pleasant strain, liberally sprinkled with puns and enriched with

clever quotable bits of shrewd observation, put into sentences of proverbial brevity.

Cartouche is the son of a petty Paris tradesman, endowed by nature with very vagabondish propensities. He is educated at the Jesuits' College, falls into bad company, throws himself upon the town, and thence struggles through every possible phase of fortune, and assumes almost every trade and profession, from that of a beggar upwards. This gives the author an opportunity for the introduction of so many sketches of life and manners, much of which is real, much purely imaginary. By way of episode, and perhaps to expand his fiction to the conventional size of three volumes, Mr. PEAKE has dragged into it narratives of the South Sea Bubble and Lewis's famous Mississippi Scheme, and he takes his hero to England with the same benevolent object. The faults of this fiction are the monstrous improbabilities of the plot and too much straining after effect by the introduction of the intense and horrible. Nevertheless, it is a very amusing novel, and one which the library-keeper would do well to add to his shelves, and may confidently recommend to those of his subscribers who leave it to his judgment to send them "something interesting."

Tales of a Lay Brother. First Series. Neville's Cross. In 3 vols. London, 1844.

A MIXTURE of the Minerva Press and Scott schools. The writer, having little of the inventive faculty, but a great deal of imitation, has borrowed from Scott an introduction, in the shape of the discovery of a manuscript, and dialogues in an outlandish language, which he intends, we presume, for Scotch. From the Minerva Press novels he has stolen a crowd of monks, nuns, haunted castles, dungeons, mysterious caves, murders, knights, and robbers. Besides these, there is Meg Merrilies multiplied by five, with entire ignorance of costume and the other accessories to historical fiction. The reader will judge, from this description of it, if it be a work to be ordered.

Rose D'Abret, or Troublous Times. A Romance. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. In 3 vols. London, 1844.

MR. JAMES must have some patent steam apparatus for the composition of romances. He averages about three per annum, or one every four months, fairly distancing the reviewers, and almost wearying the library-keepers. This new one bears the strongest family resemblance to its predecessors. The scene is France; the time, the reign of Henri Quatre; the subject, the Wars of the League; the characters, an heiress and her "wicked uncle," as the centre figure round which the king and all the other famous personages of the age are made to revolve. The plot is as flimsy as most of the recent ones of this writer, who scribbles too fast and too much to pay due attention to the getting up of his fictions. There are the same tediously spun-out dialogues, and the same prosy descriptions, and also the same attention to accuracy in the pictures of costumes and manners. Because it is by Mr. James, every library-keeper will, of course, be compelled to procure it; but we cannot recommend those of our friends, whose occupations compel them to be fastidious in their novel reading, to waste their precious time over it.

POETRY.

Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems.

By MRS. JAMES GRAY. Dublin, 1844.

Curry and Co.

POETRY, by a lady. We are ungallant enough to find no special attractions in such an announcement of authorship. Although the ancients clothed the Muses in petticoats, and we have in our memories the strains of a BAILLIE, a HEMANS, and a LANDON, our hopes are not raised by a title-page bearing the name of a poetess. Sad experience forbids expectation of aught but disappointment. If we sought for pretty sentiments, elegant language, and correct rhymes and metres, we should certainly seek for them in the poems of a lady; but these are accessories to poetry, not poetry itself—the ornament, not the substance; and too often do we look in vain for the pro-

fundity of thought and play of fancy, the original creative genius which constitutes the poet, and without which the best writer is nothing more than an accomplished rhymester.

We are not inclined just now to enter upon a philosophical inquiry into the causes of these characteristics of female poetry, though we may take some early opportunity to endeavour to trace them to their source. We note them to account for the not very friendly mood in which we undertook to review the volume described at the head of this notice.

Who is MRS. JAMES GRAY? The name is unknown to the literary world, and it wants the self-introducing advantages of a fine sound and a long array of letters. "Gray," "James Gray," "Mrs. James Gray!" There is something anti-poetical in the combination. And yet one Gray once wrote some verses that the "world would not willingly let die."

Thus pondering, we opened the volume, and straightway the mystery was solved, and the unaccustomed name was succeeded by a familiar face. In MRS. JAMES GRAY whom should we behold but Miss MARY ANNE BROWNE—changed, indeed, in name, but in nought beside—still breathing pure, fresh, vigorous poetry—still glowing with the inspiration of genius, only matured by age and strengthened by experience; and forthwith we fell into a fit of musing upon the propriety of passing a law that ladies who have achieved renown under their maiden names should not change that name for the less honoured designation borne by some dolt of a husband—a hint for the next edition of Lady Morgan's *Woman and her Master*.

It is scarcely necessary to tell our readers who was MARY ANNE BROWNE. That name must be as familiar to them as a household word, for it has continually crossed their path whenever they have wandered into the fields of literature; they can scarcely have opened an annual or skimmed over a magazine without lighting upon it, and wherever it appeared they must have read the verses to which they were appended, and, reading, they must have recognized the presence of genius, and treasured up in their memories the uncommon thoughts about common things which that genius had spread so lavishly before them.

Miss BROWNE was yet a child when the bent of her mind displayed itself in too marked a manner to be neglected. She composed decent poetry before she was ten years old—or rather *improvised* it, for her writing had more of the inspired character that marks the latter. She flung off a poem with the rapidity of lightning, nor did she pause for a moment from the first word to the last of the work in hand. Before she was in her teens she had published a volume which attracted deserved attention for its intrinsic merits no less than as a mental phenomenon. With the surface faults of childhood, which proved them genuine, these early poems had the marrow of thought that gave rich promise of future greatness. We cannot say that the expectations thus raised were disappointed. Some two or three years afterwards another volume proceeded from her pen, which shewed evident marks of progress. But, unfortunately for her growing genius, the tide of popular taste just then took a turn, and set in strongly against poetry, and that tide has been running in the same direction to this hour. Hence, like every other of our poets, Miss BROWNE refrained from addressing the world in a language to which they would not listen, save now and then, in the fair pages of an annual, or the crowded columns of a magazine, which just served to remind her countrymen that such a person lived, and to prove that, though silent, she was not unobservant, unthoughtful, or idle. The scattered poems which thus appeared at long intervals sufficed to shew that time was working its usual effects upon the poetess, taming her wilder fancies, calling out her more substantial

merits, maturing her thoughts, regulating her imagination, and throwing round genius the graces which only cultivation can bestow. In hope that there may yet be found an audience fit, however few, to receive poetry with a welcome, Miss BROWNE has collected into this volume the poems which, during the dreary interval we have described, she had scattered upon the perishing pages of periodicals, and adding a few more that were in her portfolio, she has offered them to the lovers of poetry among her country-folk under the title of *Gems from the Antique, and other Poems*.

And a charming volume it is: at once a very unwomanly and a very womanly one: unwomanly in the breadth of its thoughts, in the power of its ideas and expression; and most womanly in the delicacy of sentiment and tenderness of the affections which pervade every page. MRS. GRAY has not the sparkle of Miss LANDON, but she has not her affectation; and if she wants the majestic march of Mrs. HEMANS, she is without her tedious monotony. The most prominent characteristic of Mrs. GRAY's poetry is its pure and perfect simplicity, both of thought and language. She writes as if she had never a notion of critics or readers; she sets down the ideas which her subjects suggest just as they arise, in their natural order, in the words into which they spontaneously shape themselves, without caring to expand or to prune, to change or to modify, in obedience, not to her own sense of propriety, but what she supposes the world, or rather the reviewers, who lead the world, have set up as the conventional standard of the good and the bad in poetry. She speaks right on, after her own fashion, and the reader is carried along with her, drawn by the freshness of pages whose merits and faults are equally their own, and he is bored with nothing at second-hand.

Her faults are those which usually attend upon her peculiar excellencies. Sometimes there are traces of carelessness, as if haste had not received the revival of a correcting judgment. The readiest word that rises in the heat of composition is not always, although generally, the best. The rule of "Sleep upon it" is as applicable to writing as to action, and not the calm of one night only, but the deliberate judgment of a week or a month should precede correction previous to publication. This, we suspect, MRS. GRAY does not invariably apply, and hence the slipshod slovenliness which here and there deforms the beauty of these charming poems.

But we have dwelt too long upon praise and censure. Our mission is rather to shew what has been done than to preach what should be done, and our readers will probably prefer to form their own judgment upon her merits than to listen to ours. Without more ado, let us proceed to extract.

We cite the following specimens of simple, but touching, because too truthful poetry, from recollection. We cannot upon the instant find them in the volume upon our table, though we doubt not they adorn its pages somewhere.

MAN'S LOVE.

"When woman's eye grows dull,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful,
Then man's love faileth;
He sits not beside her chair,
Clasps not her fingers,
Twines not the damp hair
That o'er her brow lingers.

He comes but a moment in,
Though her eye lightens,
Though her cheek, pale and thin,
Feverishly brightens;
He stays, but a moment near,
When that flush fadeth,
Though true affection's tear
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

He goes from her chamber straight
Into life's jostle,
He meets at the very gate
Business and bustle.
He thinks not of her within,
Silently sighing;
He forgets, in the noisy din,
That she is dying.

And when her heart is still,
What, though he mourneth,
Soon from his sorrow chill
Wearied he turneth.
Soon o'er her buried head
Memory's light setteth,
And the true-hearted dead
Thus man forgetteth!"

WOMAN'S LOVE.

"When man is waxing frail,
And his hand is thin and weak,
And his lips are parched and pale,
And wan and white his cheek;
Oh, then doth woman prove
Her constancy and love.
She sitteth by his chair,
And holds his feeble hand,
She watcheth ever there
His wants to understand;
His yet unspoken will
She hastens to fulfill.
She leads him where the moon
Is bright o'er dale and hill,
And all things, save the tune
Of the honey-bees is still;
Into the garden bowers,
To sit midst herbs and flowers.
And when he goes not there
To feast on breath and bloom,
She brings the posy rare
Into his darkened room;
And 'neath his wearied head,
The pillow smooth doth spread.
Until the hour when death
His lamp of life doth dim,
She never wearieth,
She never leaveth him;
Still near him night and day,
She meets his eye alway.
And when his trial's o'er,
And the turf is on his breast,
Deep in her bosom's core
Lie sorrows unexpressed;
Her tears, her sighs are weak,
Her settled grief to speak.
And though there may arise
Balm for her spirit's pain,
And though her quiet eyes
May sometimes smile again;
Still, still, she must regret;—
She never can forget!"

But the title of this volume indicates that it is mainly devoted to subjects of a loftier class, and Mrs. GRAY has nobly dared in her attempt to embody in modern poetry—modern, we mean, not merely in its structure, but in its strain—the classic imaginations of the ancient world. In her *Sketches from the Antique*, she has sought to convey the impressions which the mythology of Greece has left upon the mind of a living poet, whose mission it is to extract the faith that is universal, the beauty that is unfading, the poetry that is immortal, from the forms and things that are fading, mutable, mortal; the spirit that is eternal from the material shape that is temporal. Of these, her loftier strains, we can present two only, but they will tempt to an acquaintance with their companions in the volume.

First, take the following beautiful narrative and application of the fable of

NARCISSUS.

"He bounded o'er the grassy fields,
He loitered through the wood,
Drinking the rapture Nature yields,
In deepest solitude:
His bosom like a lurid lake,
Whose quiet depths the image take
Of heaven's swift changes, felt the spell
Of all the beauty visible:
And flower and sunshine, bird and bee,
All filled his soul with guileless glee.
Not only glee, but love was there;
His spirit longed to close
Its fond embrace round all things fair,
And so he plucked the rose,
And folded it within its vest,
And gently clasped it to his breast;
And so he spake some playful word
In answer to each happy bird,
And caught the gorgeous butterfly,
Yet touched its light wings tenderly.
He bounded on—a singing rill
Beside his pathway played,
And one clear pool of waters still
Amongst the reeds it made:
He paused—what meets his wandering eye?
Is it a vision of the sky?
Is all that loveliness and grace
Reflected from some angel's face?
He never saw its like on earth;
It cannot be of mortal birth.
It looketh up with earnest eyes,
Wherein the soft tears swim;
It seems to express the same surprise
That now is moving him:
Deep, sudden love hath seized his soul,
Beyond all reason and control;
He feels the blood his cheek o'ergush,
Lo! on that face a deeper flush:
He stands entranced—he clasps his hands,
And so that answering image stands,

Oh, never more may bird or flower,
Or rainbow's lovely hue,
The happy magic of its power
Upon his soul renew!
He, whose aspirations still have been
Towards perfection, now hath seen
Unrivalled beauty—he hath traced
Her emanations through the waste
Of the wide world, and now hath come
Unto her fountain and her home.

Alas, and is this loveliness
Only a fleeting dream?
He cannot to his bosom press
The vision of the stream;
Upon his soul conviction steals,
And all the mournful truth reveals;
No other love his heart may bind,
Nought lovelier shall he ever find;
All that perfection is his own,
Yet dooms him still to be alone.

His golden dreams of love are fled.—
Henceforth how coarse and cold
Will seem the maidens he might wed,
And all of earthly mould:
What though he sees their brightest charms,
His memory all their power disarms;
His longing spirit turneth ever
Unto the image in the river,
And there his patient watch he keeps,
And oft in hopeless passion weeps.

And so he died; but in his stead
A spotless flower doth grow,
And gareth still with drooping head
Into the stream below.
It was not idle vanity
That made Narcissus droop and die;
So many a young and ardent breast
Doth terminate its hopeless quest,
And hath in useless sorrow pined
That no perfection it could find;
No heart whose fond and fervent tone
Was not exceeded by his own!"

And, next, the still more poetical tale of

VENUS WELCOMED BY THE SEASONS TO THE SHORES OF CYPRUS.

"It is the sunset hour, and the far-off waves are rolled,
Glowing beneath the western sky, a flood of quivering gold,
And gazing on that radiant scene there stands a group of four
Sisters, although they seldom meet upon the Cyprian shore.
But they look not for the setting sun, though glorious be the sight;
They watch not for the first faint star, the herald of the night;

They wait not for a distant bark, a richly-laden prize,
Nor for a warrior fleet to bring the news of victories:
Yet o'er the glittering watery waste they strain the lengthened gaze,
While on the eastern hills behind falls evening's purple haze.

Fair are the sisters—yet unlike; the youngest stands the first,
Her yellow tresses wreathed with flowers in wood and dingle nursed;
And the hand that shades her mild blue eyes is delicate and small,

And the voice that questions and replies is gay and musical:
Taller and fuller is the form of the maiden by her side,
And her eyes have that deep azure to the noonday heavens allied;
And her chesnut hair is braided up with roses full and red,
And o'er her smooth rich dimpled cheek richly the blushes spread;
And her voice is deeper, yet as soft,—less merry, but as sweet
As hers who hath the glistening eyes and lightly-flying feet.

The third hath matron beauty in her broad and open brow,
Her eyes are calm and full of thought, her voice distinct, but low;

Her head is crowned with vine-leaves wreathed with ears of ripening corn;
And filled with grapes and nuts, and wheat, she holds a golden horn:
Beyond her stands the eldest, with a forehead high and pale,
Her tresses gathered up and hid beneath a snowy veil;
But her voice is clear and cheerful, and her smile is glad and bright,
And her dark eyes sparkle like the stars upon a frosty night.
Who are the watchers, and for whom wait they together there?
These are the Seasons, and they wait the queen of all things fair.

Long hath she lingered, but, at length, upon the darkening waste,
Surely a tiny moving skiff may distantly be traced;
Or is it but an ocean-bird, a moment floating there,
Or a larger wave just curling up to melt into the air?
No, nearer still it glideth on the billows' gentle swell,
A barque, a native of the seas, a curving silvery shell;
It bears one shadowy form alone, she standeth by the prow,
Her graceful outline clearly seen crossing the sunset's glow;
And now she nears the shore, and lifts her head in wondering maze,
While her peerless beauty bids the four in silent rapture gaze.

Her form, how light, how graceful, yet how rounded in its mould!
And the sparkling spray hangs 'midst her hair, like diamonds dropped in gold;
And for her face! ah, who may speak its perfect loveliness!
Clad in that living light of love no image may express;
No poet may transfuse such light into his sweetest lay,
No painter give it permanence amidst his work to stay.
'Tis Venus, whom the seasons haste with welcome warm to greet,
And marvel their own separate charms combined in her to meet:
For her smile hath all the light of spring; her cheek the summer's rose;
Her form hath autumn's mellow grace; her bosom winter's snows."

With such memories as these haunting us dimly, we shall be prepared to share her lament over

THE DREAMS OF OLD.

"The dreams of old have faded,
Their wondrous spells are o'er;
We cannot be persuaded
To try their power once more.
Our wisdom now is scorned
What our fathers deemed a boon:
The world's bright clouds of morning
Have melted in her noon.
Yet for the parted glory
They shed on mortal mould,
Think gently of the phantasy
That framed the dreams of old.

Where are the fairy legions
That peopled vale and grove,
And overspread earth's regions
With strange ethereal love;
The flowers their essence haunted
Are blooming gaily still,
But Time hath disenchanted
The meadow and the rill.
There's not a child who listens,
When their magic tale is told,
Who does not know they were but dreams,
Those radiant dreams of old!

Where is the high aspiring
That the star-watcher knew,
Born of pure desiring
For the holy and the true?
The faith, that never halted
Heaven's starry page to read,
And framed a dream, exalted
Unto a prophet's creed.
Who now would seek the planets,
The future to unfold,
Who, as the grave astrologer,
Revive the dreams of old?

Where is the kindred spirit,
With weary endless quest,
Still hoping to inherit
Earth's riches, and be blest?
No more beside his furnace
The alchemist may bend—
No more, in lonely sternness,
His secret labours tend.
We have a bolder wisdom
To multiply our gold,
An open craft to supersede
That strongest dream of old.

So pass the dreams of ages,
And leave but little trace,
Visions of bards and sages,
New wisdom can efface:
Dreams, that have won the fearful
To hope for better days;
Dreams, that have filled the cheerful
With terror and amaze!
All pass—doth nothing linger
With deathless things enrolled,
That shall not perish and depart,
Amidst the dreams of old?

Yes—what upheld the martyr
Amidst the final strife,
When he refused to barter
This holy faith for life?
What cheered the pilgrim strangers
To lofty thought and deed,
To sow, 'midst death and dangers,
The gospel's sacred seed?
They hoped the world's wide nations
Its fruit should yet behold,
And was their glorious faith a dream,
A fading dream of old?

No—by the babe's devotion
Lisp'd at his mother's knee,
And by her deep emotion
Its early trust to see;
And by the bond of union,
The faithful here may prove,
And by the blest communion
Of ransomed ones above,
We feel that here no vision
Was with the past enrolled,
That the Christian faith may never be
A baseless dream of old!"

Are we trespassing upon the patience of our readers by adding one more extract, equally interesting? Nay, not so; for good poetry is too rare now-a-days not to receive a hearty welcome when it comes. If it be greeted coldly by all the world beside, it shall at least find a cordial greeting in the columns of THE CRITIC. What pathos there is in

THE DYING GIRL'S REMONSTRANCE.

"Oh! tell me not of sunny lands, with clear and cloudless skies,
Where the mountains and the pillar'd domes in antique glory rise:
And tell me not of purple vines, and endless summer flowers,
Those round our home will serve to light my few remaining hours.
Start not, dear mother! do not weep, sweet sister of my heart!
Have you not felt the summoning that bids me hence depart?
Have ye not read it in mine eyes, and on my sunken brow,
Although my lips have ne'er revealed 'twas known to me till now?"

Speak not of hope! I know full well the legend and the song
That picture all the charms that to the southern lands
belong;
And some few months ago, when health was tinging cheek
and eye,
It had been joy to tread their shores, but not as now—to
die:

Home, home! it is a blessed sound unto the wanderer's ear,
And to the wearied peasant when the eventide is near,
And to the mother, when her babe awaits her loving kiss;
But most unto the dying is its name of peace and bliss.

Open the window, sister! let the murmuring western breeze
Come in to fan my languid brow from my ancestral trees;
Oh, think'st thou that Italia's winds, though the citron's
breath they bear,
Could have the cheering freshness of mine own dear English
air?

Bring me that branch of roses! I know their lovely hue!
By the bower I planted when a child those graceful blossoms
grew;
They have a thousand memories blent with their healthful
bloom and breath,

Of the hours when in my childhood's glee, I little thought
of death.

Home, home! the sweet word haunts me with its gentle
music now,
I could not from its quietness to the stranger country go.
Where could those limbs so fitly rest as 'neath the verdant
sod?

By the old church where first I knelt in awe before my
God?

Whose lips so fervently could read each solemn funeral line,
As his, whose hand upon my brow impressed the hallowed
sign?

And, more than all, in what bright land beyond the bound-
ing wave,
Could those who loved me come and weep beside my early
grave?

Ay, lead me to my chamber, these weak limbs have need of
rest,
Here is the pillow that my cheek from infancy hath pressed—
Here is the scene of childish dreams, and dreams of elder
days,

Where I took sweet visions to my heart from the poet's
gifted lays;

Now, leave me to my slumber—full soon the time shall be,
When I shall not need a watching eye, nor a kiss to waken
me;

Then shall I quit this well-loved spot—and not in vain to
 roam

A stranger in a foreign land, but to find a holier home."

We reluctantly quit this volume, congratulating Mrs. GRAY upon the manifest indications of progress which it exhibits, and expressing an earnest hope that care and cultivation will insure to her the place for which Nature has gifted her—that of the Queen of the Poetesses of Great Britain.

Geology: a Poem in Seven Books. By the Rev. J. S. WATSON, B.A. London, 1844. Pickering. The schoolmaster is never so repulsive as when he affects the garb of the poet; and the poet never charms so little as when he assumes the character of the schoolmaster. The province of poetry is to kindle the imagination, the sentiments, and sometimes even the passions. It cannot properly address itself to the memory or the reason, both of which are essentially prosaic, because both deal, or ought to deal, solely with dry unadorned facts. Hence the failure of all purely didactic poems to pass into the popular mind and to become a part of the thoughts of a people. Darwin's attempt to turn science into metre and rhyme was a failure, spite of the fancy, the command of words, and the great power over the mechanism of verse which he unquestionably possessed. With such a splendid instance of ill-success in our recollection, we took up this volume by Mr. WATSON without much hope of a different result. And so it is. Here is a poem of seven long books, which professes to teach the science of geology, and certainly it is the most tedious route to that desirable end it was ever our lot to travel. With some real poetical talent, and very considerable powers of verse-making, Mr. WATSON's volume is dull and heavy—a toilsome work, that nobody who begins will have the courage to complete. But while we must, in honesty, tell our readers that this is not a book to be bought or borrowed, we should say to the author that it contains proofs of abilities which, exercised on a more congenial topic, may give him a very respectable place in the literature of the age.

POLITICS.

The Naval Forces of France compared to those of England. By his Royal Highness the Prince de JOINVILLE, Admiral of the Fleet. Literally translated from the French by B. H. BEEDHAM. London, 1844. Painter.

THIS is a translation of the famous pamphlet by the son of the King of the French, which has so roused

the fighting propensities of our excitable neighbours on the other side of the channel. It is interesting, as shewing what are the hopes entertained by a considerable party in France in reference to England. The Prince first complains of the insufficient condition of the French navy, and then he proceeds to shew that, in steam-navigation, a power has been placed in the hands of his country which will enable it to meet Great Britain on equal terms. In case of a war, he anticipates that a French steam-force might accomplish the following:—

"But we would wage war firmly, because we would attack two things equally vulnerable—the confidence of the English people in their insular position, and their maritime commerce. Who can doubt, then, that, with a well-organized steam navy, we should have the means of inflicting on the coasts of our enemies losses and sufferings unknown to a nation who has never felt the miseries which follow in the train of war? And as the consequence of these sufferings would come the evil, equally new for her, of a lost confidence. The riches heaped on her coasts, and in her ports, would cease to be in safety; and thus, whilst by a well-regulated system of cruisers, the plan of which I will after explain, we should efficaciously war against her commerce, spread over the surface of every sea. The contest would no longer be unequal. I continue to reason under the supposition of war. Our steam navy would then have two theatres of action totally distinct: the English Channel at first, where our ports could conceal a considerable force, which, putting to sea under cover of the night, would escape the English cruisers, were they ever so numerous. Nothing then would hinder our force from meeting, before daybreak, at any point of the coast of England previously agreed upon, and there it would act with impunity.* A few hours only were necessary for Sir Sydney Smith to do us an irreparable evil at Toulon. In the Mediterranean we should rule as masters; we should assure our conquest of Algeria, that vast field open to our commerce and civilization. And, moreover, the Mediterranean is too far from England: the arsenals of Malta and Gibraltar could not keep in repair a steam-fleet so difficult and so expensive to provide for, and always in fear of being rendered inactive for want of fuel. Free, then, it would be for France to act victoriously on this theatre; by means of steam-ships, all her schemes could be accomplished; useless would then be sailing-ships, whose surveillance would be deceived, and whose rapidity would be surpassed."

This is pretty well. And he recommends to his countrymen the immediate construction of a steam navy, as the only security for French liberty. He might have added, the only chance of French supremacy. But, happily for us, it is much more easy to recommend the formation of such an armament than to build and man it.

RELIGION.

The Anglican Church the Creature and Slave of the State, being a refutation of certain Puseyite Claims advanced in behalf of the Established Church, in a series of Lectures, &c. By Rev. P. COOPER, of the Church of the Conception, Dublin. London, Dolman. 1844.

It is almost necessary to repeat, on every occasion, the rule adopted by THE CRITIC, in its notice of religious, or rather of sectarian books. It is simply to inform the reader, as a matter of literary history, that such a work is published, and, briefly, that its contents are so-and-so, without offering the slightest opinion, directly or indirectly, upon those contents.

In accordance with this strict rule, we have but to add, that the volume whose title is set out above is the production of a Roman Catholic divine, and its object to combat the claims put forth in the *Tracts for the Times*, on behalf of the Anglican Church. The author asserts that the Oxford divines have raised the question, whether "is the Church of England, viewed in her origin and constitution, or is she not, a creature and a slave of the state?" He adduces their own testimony in maintenance of the affirmative, and thence he argues that, on their own shewing, "she can be no church at all, in any proper and ecclesiastical sense of the term." The inference is, that if the title of the Anglican Church cannot be maintained, sincere churchmen must unavoidably go back to Rome as the true church.

Such is the skeleton of the argument which the writer has maintained with considerable eloquence. They who desire to judge of its validity must apply to the volume.

* "I rather think this is a mistake of the Prince. It is, however, what he says.—B."

EDUCATION.

Gallus, or Roman Scenes of the Time of Augustus, with Notes and Excursus illustrative of the Manners and Customs of the Romans. From the German of Professor BECKER, by F. M. CALFE, R.A. London, 1844. Parker.

RECOLLECTING, as we well do, the hours during which we pored over the dry skeleton known by the title of "Adam's Antiquities," and the difficulty of fixing what we read in our memories, even with the associations afforded by the large capitals and italics which besprinkled its pages, we welcome any attempt to render so important a study as that of the manners and customs of the Romans more agreeable and satisfactory, and this work of Professor Becker, now first placed within the reach of the English scholar, possesses this in itself, as well as other merits of the highest class. The skill with which he has interwoven his profound and accurate knowledge with a story dramatically true, and exceedingly interesting, in spite of its brevity, and the discursive learning which he has brought together in the Notes and Excursus, are alike surprising.

Cornelius Gallus, the friend and favourite of Augustus, the companion of Virgil, who had won his way to wealth and high position by the force of his talents and agreeable qualities, and become noted at Rome for his poetical powers, and for his love of the fair Lycoris, was happily selected by the author as the centre of his picture, around which he has grouped the fashionables, the toadies, and the envious, of the Augustan age.

"Gallus et Heperis et Gallus notus Eois,
Et sua cum Gallo nota Lycoris erat."

sang Ovid, and this book will give Gallus a local habitation in the minds of many who may have passed him over hitherto merely as one of the victims of the cold-heartedness of the first Cæsar.

The following is a sketch of a morning in the mansion of a wealthy Roman bachelor, which will amuse the fairer portion of our readers:—

"The city hills were as yet unilluminated by the beams of the morning sun and the uncertain twilight which the saffron streaks in the east spread as harbingers of the coming day, was diffused but sparingly through the windows and courts into the apartments of the mansion. Gallus still lay buried in heavy sleep in his quiet chamber; the carefully chosen position of which both protected him against all disturbing noises, and prevented the early salute of the morning light from too soon breaking his repose. But around all was life and activity; from the cells and chambers below, and the apartments on the upper floor, there poured a swarming multitude of slaves, who presently pervaded every corner of the house, hurrying to and fro, and cleaning and arranging with such busy alacrity, that one unacquainted with these customary movements would have supposed that some grand festivity was at hand. A whole *decuria* of house slaves, armed with besoms and sponges, under the superintendence of the *atriensis*, began to clean the entrance-rooms. Some inspected the *vestibulum*, to see whether any bold spider had spun its net during the night on the capital of the pillars or groups of statuary, and rubbed the gold and tortoise-shell ornaments of the folding-doors and posts at the entrance, and cleaned the dust of the previous day from the marble pavement. Others again were busy in the *atrium* and its adjacent halls, carefully traversing the mosaic floor and the paintings on the walls with soft Lycian sponges, lest any dust might have settled on the wax varnish with which they were covered; they also looked closely whether any spot appeared blackened by the smoke of the lamps; and then decked with fresh garlands the busts and shields which supplied the place of the *imagines*, or waxen masks of departed ancestors. In the *carvum ædium*, or interior court, and the larger *peristyle*, more were engaged in rubbing with coarse linen cloths the polished pillars of Tenarian and Numidian marble, which formed a most pleasing contrast to the intervening statues and the fresh green verdure of the vacant space within. No less were the *Tricliniarum* and his subordinates occupied in the larger saloons, where stood the costly tables of cedar-wood, with pillars of ivory supporting their massive orbs, which had, at an immense expense, been conveyed to Rome from the primeval woods of Atlas. Here the wood was like the beautiful dappled coat of a panther, there the spots, being more regular and close, imitated the tail of the peacock; a third resembled the luxuriant and tangled leaves of the *assium*, each of them more beautiful and valuable than the other; and many a lover of splendour would have bartered an estate for any one of the three. The *triclinarii* cautiously lifted up their purple covers, and then whisked them over with the shaggy *gausape*, in order to remove

any little dust that might have penetrated through. Next came the side-boards, several of which stood against the walls in each saloon, for the purpose of displaying the gold and silver plate and other valuables. Some of them were slabs of marble, supported by silver or gilded ram's feet, or by the tips of the wings of two griffins looking in opposite directions; there was also one of artificial marble, which had been sawn out of the wall of a Grecian temple, while the slabs of the rest were of precious metal. The costly articles displayed on each were so selected as to be in keeping with the architectural designs of the apartment. In the *tetrastylus*, the simplest saloon, stood smooth silver vessels unadorned by the *ars toreutica*, except that the rim of most of the larger bowls were of gold. Between these were smaller vessels of amber, and two of great rarity, in one of which a bee, and in the other an ant, had found its transparent tomb. On another side stood beakers of antique form, to which the names of their former possessors gave their value, and an historical importance. There was, for instance, a double cup which Priam had inherited from Laomedon; another that had belonged to Nestor, unquestionably the same from which Hecamede had pledged the old man in Pramnian wine before Troy; the doves, which served as handles, were much worn, of course by Nestor's hand. Another, again, was the gift of Dido to Æneas, and in the centre stood an immense bowl, which Theseus had hurled against the face of Eurytus. But the most remarkable of all was a relic of the keel of the Argo,—only a chip, it is true; but who did not transport himself back to the olden days, when he saw before him and could feel this portion of the most ancient of ships, and on which, perhaps, Minerva herself had placed her hand. Gallus himself was far too enlightened to believe in the truth of these legends; but every one was not so free from prejudice as he, and it was also the fashion to collect such antiquities. On the other hand, in the Corinthian saloon stood vessels of precious Corinthian bronze, whose worn handles and peculiar smell sufficiently announced their antiquity, together with two large golden drinking-cups, on one of which were engraved scenes from the Iliad, on the other, from the Odyssey. Besides these there were smaller beakers and bowls composed of precious stones, either made of one piece only, and adorned with reliefs, or of several cameos united by settings of gold, genuine Murrhina vases also, even at that time a riddle, and, according to report, imported from the recesses of Parthia, were not wanting."

The book is full to overflowing of information upon all the subjects most worth knowing connected with the private life of the Romans, and the authorities are scrupulously given from the author's own reading, and not as quotations from previous writers. The translator has judiciously altered the German form of the book, so that the maze of learning does not interfere with the story, but is thrown into foot-notes, and the Excursus are added by way of appendix. As a school-book it will be most valuable, and as a work of reference we know of no work which can be compared to it. The principal subjects treated of are Roman Marriages, Education, the Slave Family, Books and Booksellers, Horses and Carriages, Baths, Banquets, Social Games, and the Intermittent of the Dead.

Among many passages suited to the taste of the general reader, we give a lively sketch of the street life of the Roman metropolis:—

"The way led through the most lively portion of the city, and it was just the time when the streets, though always full, presented the most motley throng and the greatest bustle; for the sixth hour approached, when a general cessation from business commenced, and most people were wont to take their morning meal; whilst some, therefore, were still sedulously engaged in their daily avocations, many of the less occupied were already hurrying to the place of refreshment. Here a prompt builder was despatching, by mules and carriers, the materials of a new building, for which he had only just contracted; there huge stones and beams were being wound up aloft for the completion of an edifice. Countrymen with loud cries were driving to and fro their mules, which were bringing, in baskets suspended on either side, the produce of the country into the city; or perhaps the street would become stopped up by a solemn funeral procession happening to meet a heavily laden waggon coming in the opposite direction. The most lively sight was presented by the Subura, where a multitude of hawkers plied their miserable trade. Some from the region beyond the Tiber offered matches for sale, occasionally taking in exchange broken glass instead of money; others bore boiled peas, and sold a dish of them to the poorest class for an ass; whilst those accustomed to somewhat better fare betook themselves to the cook's boy, who, with loud voice, cried smoking sausages for sale. In one place a curious crowd was collected round an Egyptian juggler, about whose neck and arms the most venomous snakes familiarly wound themselves; in another stood a group reading the programme, painted in large letters on the wall of

a public building, of the next contests of gladiators, which promised to be brilliant, as the place of exhibition was to be covered with an awning; but everywhere the lower classes, old and young, were hurrying to the *thermopolie* and cookshops, to obtain each his wonted seat, and to drink for breakfast, according to choice, a goblet of honey-wine, or the favourite *caida*. This motley multitude kept passing through streets which were, besides this, rendered disagreeably narrow by a numerous cluster of shops choking them up, for huxters and merchants of all sorts, artists in hair and salve-sellers, butchers and pastry-cooks, but, above all, vintners, had built their booths far into the street, so that you might even see tables arranged along the piers and pillars of the halls, and covered with bottles, which were, however, cautiously fastened by chains, lest, perchance, they might be filched by the hand of some Strobilus or Thesprio hurrying by. In consequence of so many obstructions, which occurred every moment, it was certainly more convenient to allow yourself to be carried through the throng reclining in a *lectica*, although it often required very safe bearers, and now and then the sturdy elbow of the *præambulo*, to get well through. By this mode you had also the advantage of not being incessantly seized by the hand, addressed, or even kissed, a custom which of late had begun to prevail, but escaped with a simple salutation, which was still quite troublesome enough, for from every side resounded an *ave* to be responded to, and frequently from the mouths of persons for whom even the *nomenclator* in his hurry had only an invented name ready."

The Schoolmaster Vindicated; or Educational Quackery exposed. London, Souter and Law. This is a pungent letter addressed to the schoolmasters of Great Britain on the subject of the methods for teaching writing to the classes at Exeter Hall, sanctioned by the Committee of the Council of Education. We cannot repeat all our author's objections to the system, but they have doubtless received the consideration they deserve from those to whom is intrusted the supervision of the classes. We can but make known that there is such a publication on such a topic, and leave it to those whom it may interest.

PERIODICALS.

The Dublin University Magazine for June. THERE is much interesting matter in this number of the *Irish Blackwood*. The editor has evidently learned that great secret of editorship—variety to please all tastes. It is not too light nor too heavy—too humorous nor too serious. The articles are of reasonable length, and, above all, we are glad to see a renewal of that attractive feature of the earlier numbers of the *Dublin*, an etching for the Portrait Gallery, the subject being the late Abraham Colles. The books reviewed are, Captain Siborne's *History of the Campaign of 1815*; and Mrs. Gray's *Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems*. The most interesting paper in the number is that descriptive of "Sunrise on the Right," whose truthfulness will be felt by all who have experienced the strange sensations produced by that gorgeous spectacle. Mr. James's romance of "Arrah Neil" has somewhat improved; it was very heavy at first. There is a picture of Prussia vigorously sketched. Dr. Taylor contributed some learned "Tracts of Saracenic Chivalry;" and Mr. W. Dowe has given many excellent translations of the "Songs of Beranger." Other papers of less attractive aspect are interspersed. We cannot refrain from extracting one of the translations from Beranger:—

MY TOMB.

"Erect me a tomb, while in spirits and health,
At such wonderful cost, too!—good people, not yet!
'Twere a folly, methinks, thus to squander your wealth!
To the rich leave the pomp and the pride of regret.
With the price of the marble or bronze—far too fine
A grave dress for beggars like me to assume—
Go, purchase old wine—life-inspiring wine!
Let's live, and quaff daily the cost of my tomb!
A gallant memorial would cost—let me see!
Some hundreds, at least:—O, my friends let us fly;
Come, live for six months, gay recluses with me,
In a beautiful vale with a beautiful sky.
In our mansion, balls, concerts, and beauty, I guess,
Can pleasantly furnish each rapturous room;
I would risk loving life to too greet an excess;
Let us live, and spend gaily the cost of my tomb!
But I'm stricken in years, and my mistress is not;
And I think that she's rather expensive in dress;
In the blaze of our persons our fasts are forgot,
And this let the splendour of Longchamps confess.
From my friends to my lady love, something is due;
She expects a cashmere of some elegant loom;
As a life-use, to wear on her bosom so true,
Let us gaily dispose of the cost of my tomb."

I wish for no grand private box in the place,
Where spectres as actors are treading the stage;
That wretch with sunk eye-ball and woe-begone face—
Make warm his cold heart in the night of his age.
To the beggar, who, leaving his wallet, shall sit,
And before me see drawn up the curtain of doom
(That at last he may keep me a place in the pit),
Let us gaily dispose of the cost of my tomb."

What boots it to me that my name shall appear
On a stone, by some scholar decyphered and spelt?
For the flowers which, they say, shall be strewn on my bier,
'Twere better, methinks, could their fragrance be felt.
Posterity!—that which, perchance, may not be—
Be warned that you never need hope to illumine
My grave with your torch: dear philosophers see
How I toss thro' the window the cost of my tomb!"

The London Polytechnic Magazine and Journal of Science, &c. for June. Edited by THOMAS STONE, M.D. London, Mortimer.

THIS magazine asks the support of all who are interested in the progress of science, as collecting that more elaborate species of information which cannot be compressed within the limited compass of weekly columns. The contents of the present number are various and attractive. There is a description of an improvement in the process of Daguerreotyping, by no less a personage than M. Daguerre himself. An artist exhibits what he terms "*The evils of Art-Union*;" but we suspect, from the writer's manner, that he is one who has been unable to sell any of his works to these societies: most of their assailants out of the print-trade are of this class. Dr. STONE perseveres in his vocation of attacking phrenology; but he does it fairly by disputing its evidence. "*Architectural Critics and Aesthetics*," is an essay with some talent, but too much affectation. Besides these there are articles on divers topics, a collection of the proceedings of scientific societies, and reviews of scientific books. Each succeeding number of this periodical exhibits improvements over its predecessor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anecdotes of Actors; with other Desultory Recollections, &c. &c. By MRS. MATHEWS, author of the "*Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian*," to which this is a Supplementary Volume. 8vo. pp. 430. London, 1844. Newby.

WE are very much disappointed in this new adventure of Mrs. MATHEWS, from which we had expected no small amount of entertainment; but, grieved as we are to say it, we have found it to be little better than an added specimen of the book-making system, with a title that attracts curiosity, and nothing within to gratify it. There are not altogether more than half a dozen "anecdotes" worth reading; the others are mere dressings-up anew of the most common-place facts, blended with a great deal of even more common-place remarks. The desultory recollections are as poor and uninteresting as the worst of magazine trash. There are some observations upon servants, which every one must think singularly narrow-minded and unchristian, being written in a style of careless, and at the same time affected, cant, in which none but very second-rate order of brains would indulge, though unfortunately they meet with but too many, lower still, who are willing to admire and imitate.

Apropos of affectation, why is Mr. MATHEWS invariably, as "my Husband," honoured with a distinguishing capital H?

That our readers may not endure the disappointment we have experienced, in finding so little to reward the labour of wading through a tolerably-sized volume (the more art in the filling?), we will select a passage which may be deemed among the best specimens of its contents:—

"MATHEWS AT BRIGHTON.

"Of a very different complexion from the aforesaid serving-man was 'our brother of York,'* who some time after waited upon Mr. Mathews, while 'taking his ease at his inn.'

"My Husband was a plain feeder, and often preferred the South-Down mutton to any other food, when it was to be had.

"He had dined one day off a most excellent saddle of this mutton, and the joint became, for the time,

* The hotel at Brighton so called.

his hobby; consequently having, the day after, invited a mutton-eating friend to dine with him, he ordered another saddle, which he begged might not be inferior to that of the previous day.

"The waiter, who was a very promising young man (most waiters are), assured his patron that he might rely upon being supplied to his wish with 'the dish whereon he loved to feed;' but as there are many slips between the cup and the lip—the stirrup and the ground—so this saddle proved more like a halter (which everybody knows is the emblem of toughness); and at the first incision was proclaimed all leather and prunella, and neither of the friends thought of putting a bit into his mouth. Mr. Mathews reproached his attendant for not having attended to his instructions to provide another saddle comparable in quality with that of the day before. The zealous waiter stoutly asserted his rigid obedience to the order, and expressed his great surprise that the saddle on table should prove inferior to the one of the previous day, adding, with his most polished bow—

"I cannot understand how it can be; for I saw it cut from the very same sheep, I do assure you, Sir!"

"('Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!')"

We certainly cannot class Mrs. MATHEWS as among the most refined and elegant writers of her sex, and the scribbling of gossip like this, or such as this pretends to be, demands a peculiarly graceful and lively pen. The profusion of miserable puns that deform almost every page are in execrable taste; unless, indeed, as some assert, the merit of puns lies in their wretchedness, in which case Mrs. MATHEWS may fairly claim to be held in honour.

REVIEWS OF UNPUBLISHED MSS.

Memoranda of a Continental Tour, Pictorial, Personal, and Political.

We resume the notice of this manuscript.

The author's comments upon the characteristics of the country at Mannheim, and the reflections of his friend, the good Rector, who has been already introduced to the reader, upon the manners of the people there, are interesting enough to excuse the length of this extract.

CONTINENTAL MANNERS.

"It may well be supposed that, save in the novelty of its plan, such a town has little to attract in external aspect, and therefore we hastened to the palace and its lovely gardens, assured that, though man's works weary, those of Nature would never tire. This magnificent place lies on the southern suburbs, upon the banks of the Rhine, and consists of a large park, planted and laid out with admirable taste, a very gem of landscape gardening, in the midst of which, upon a gentle hill, stands an immense mass of red building, the greater part of it in ruins, without roof, or windows, or floors, skeleton walls alone marking the ravages of the siege, for still it remains in the same condition as it was left by the destroying Austrian army. The portion of the edifice that faces the Rhine is, however, yet entire, and inhabited by the Grand Duchess of Baden, whose patronage of literature and art, and marked civilities to all respectable foreigners visiting Mannheim, have made it famous amongst the cities of Germany for its excellent society. The grounds about this hospitable mansion are open to the public at all hours, with no policeman to forbid the lover of the woods and fields, because he is not blest by fortune with a good coat, or is compelled by necessity to carry a bundle. Innumerable walks wind about under the shade of old trees, or between plots of green grass, or amid clusters of sweet-smelling shrubs, and, if the wanderer wills, he may unchecked lie upon the mossy turf, or seek a solitude in the centre of dark forest groups. A broad terrace walk, passing in front of the palace, opens a view of the majestic river, and while strolling there we had occasion to note the wonderful skill of the artist by whom the pile had been laid out. Through a dense mass of wood, a single small opening was presented, and from the lawn before the palace the broad bright disc of the setting sun was seen amid the boughs, which formed a dark green or rather purple crown about his brow, but hid no part of his countenance. The sight was magnificent, and if any artist reading this should hereafter chance to visit Mannheim, let him not fail to go at sunset to the terrace walk and watch the descent of the day-god behind the wood on his right; a new effect will certainly distinguish his next exhibited picture.

"We wandered about these delicious walks with our good friend, the rector, drinking with delight the soft breath of the summer, which has here a purity that in England we never know. There is a lightness in the air that enlivens the spirits, and a blueness in the sky that imparts a sense of fulness and richness, a sort of satisfaction to the soul. In England, we never

can forget that there is an atmosphere between us and external nature. Here there is so much consciousness, for the air never makes itself visible; it is felt, not seen. We remarked this characteristic of the climate at the same moment, and this led to much pleasant talk about the other contrasts we had noted between the land we had left and the land we were in.

"There is always something very charming to me in the English country clergyman, such as he was before he became a partisan, and mingled with the feuds and frays of Puseyism and Evangelism. There is an habitual mildness and unaffected benevolence in him, that one cannot choose but respect and love. He is from education and opportunity a reader, and this gives a reflective turn to his thoughts, and that pensive tone to the voice, which invariably marks the thinking man. If he have his prejudices, they are not thrust forward offensively, and his love is large enough to embrace those who differ from, as well as those who agree with, him. There is in him humility of feeling as well as of manner; the 'more-righteous-than-thou' sneer never deforms his face; he excuses the erring, and strictly observes the injunction, 'judge not, that thou be not judged.' Such a companion is at all times agreeable, and such was the excellent man with whom we now paid homage to the splendour of the sunset. He it was who directed my attention to the humiliating contrast between the external morals and manners of our own people and those of the Continental towns. In the latter, there is none of the grossness of debauchery that deforms the towns and villages of Great Britain; there is an absence of that coarseness of vice which shocks us everywhere at home; the fearful habit of swearing and obscene talk, that disgraces even the childhood of the lower classes in England, is almost unknown upon the Continent; and the bearishness of manner that marks our common people was strikingly recollected when we observed the politeness of general intercourse between the very lowest grades of society in the land we were viewing. The good rector agreed with me in attributing this backward condition of our lowest classes to the utter neglect with which both the legislature and private charity had treated the improvements of the people. No encouragement had been given to harmless recreations, nor had those amusements been offered to them which would have brought together the various classes of society for purposes of common enjoyment, where, while publicity would have prevented vice, good manners and good feelings would have been cultivated between those who were severed by differences of wealth and station. Here they lived together, in the open air, with the genial influence of nature around them. The highest and the lowliest breathed the same air, trod the same earth, enjoyed the same shade, took their evening meal in the same garden, listening to the same music. Thus the galling sense of the inequality of fortune's favours was forgotten, and the cultivation of the higher classes extended itself, by mere force of imitation, to the lower, with whom they were brought in daily contact, and mutual good-will and respect, and mutual civility and a general politeness, were the consequence.

"The good rector was convinced that moral and social reform in England will be best accomplished by encouraging the wholesome amusements of the working people, opening to them public walks, giving them good music, accustoming them to social pleasures; and that they should not be shunned by the higher classes, nor traduced as vulgar, but that they should mingle more with them in public places, and so becoming at once an example and a restraint, cultivate that kindly feeling between those who are widely severed by the accident of birth, which cannot fail ultimately to conduce to the improvement of both.

"We emerged from the twilight wood upon a broad path at the river's side, and a glorious sky was above us and around us. I had heard of gorgeous sunsets, but I had never seen one before. What infinite variety of tints, blended beautifully, and all reflected in the broad flat bosom of the Rhine, on whose silver surface two heavens seemed to meet! Familiar only with English skies, I had been wont to call the hues of Turner extravagant, unnatural, and impossible. I shall not again find fault with him for his colouring; the sunset amid which we were standing sufficed for his justification. He has caught the spirit of this climate and transferred it to canvass, only with dimmed brilliancy. We lingered in silent admiration, watching the fading of the lovely hues, until the last crimson blush had vanished from the west, and the silver shade of the coming moon was visible in the east."

In the evening our party embarked again, and enjoyed the striking spectacle of

A NIGHT VOYAGE ON THE RHINE.

"At ten o'clock the bell announced the departure of the steamer. In a quarter of an hour we were again ploughing the calm bosom of the Rhine, the stars twinkling above us and below, the light of the day yet lingering in the northern sky, a banner of black smoke floating far behind and mapping our path in the clear air; the water before us as flat as glass, trees and houses upon the banks on either side, dimly visible in the

night, with indistinct outlines, fleeting past us like troops of gigantic ghosts.

"There was not a breath of wind; the air was soft and mild, though it borrowed something of the coolness of the water. When I turned from gazing at this night scene, the deck, so lately crammed with human forms, was deserted, save by two or three small groups, who sat and talked in whispers, as if subdued almost to silence by the sobering influence of the hour and the place.

"I descended to the cabin. It was lighted by one solitary candle, whose wick almost absorbed the flame. By the fluttering red light, which just made darkness visible, the strangest scene was shewn. All round the little room, as closely as they could pack together, lay sleeping forms, their outstretched legs supported upon stools, their heads reclining upon the cushioned seat. Some were wrapped in cloaks, some covered with great coats; there was a head surmounted with a pyramidal night-cap; there, one ensconced in a handkerchief. The Russians wore white cashmere shawls and skull-caps, richly embroidered with gold and silver; some had relieved themselves of their coats, others of their cravats; one man had taken possession of a table, three or four others were stretched upon the floor; and in the narrow ante-chamber at the extremity of the cabin, allotted to cloaks and hats, the quack doctor, with the wit of an old traveller, had quietly crept, and having made a bed of the garments piled there, was snoring, with great satisfaction, a hearty, self-important snore. The atmosphere of the little cabin, crowded with twenty-seven sleeping men and a candle, was repulsive, and I returned to the deck, resolved to pass the night where I could at least breathe wholesome air. The moon was just rising; half her disc was visible above the distant mountain-top, and her slant beams fell full upon the river and made a long line of light, that distinctly mapped out the course of the stream. The rounded tops of a range of hills were revealed upon our left. Presently, the face of the moon itself was reflected upon the water, now still and perfect, now broken into beautiful fragments by the waves from the labouring packet."

The night was passed in dialogue with the young Catholic priest, and the substance of the conversation is narrated, but we must not pause to repeat it. It was interrupted by an incident.

"A loud guffaw from another part of the luggage-heap startled us at this crisis of the conversation. I looked about. The smoking German was sitting within ear-shot, buried amid a pile of portmanteaus; the meerschaum was still upon his lips. Does the man never sleep, as well as never talk or eat? I pointed him out to my friend, who smiled, and we resumed the conversation, which was kept up in the same strain, and upon the same interesting topic, till from very weariness we fell asleep, nor did we wake until the chill air of the morning warned us to be stirring. The stars had vanished; a crimson blush was upon the horizon; one by one the sleepers emerged from the cabin, looking extremely owlish and seedy; parties paraded the deck to stretch their benumbed limbs; ladies with unkempt hair ran about to implore a basin of water and a towel; the steward bustled upon deck with hot coffee and rolls; and, by the time the sun was fairly above the horizon, all was life, and motion, and merriment in that little world upon the water."

Our traveller takes this occasion to note the enormity of

GERMAN FEEDING.

"What enormous feeders are these Germans! Talk of John Bull's appetite, it sinks into insignificance compared with the capacities of a German stomach; and the German ladies are as carnivorous as the men. They begin with the dawn, for they are early risers; they then drink coffee and swallow a roll, sometimes with the aid of butter or honey, but more frequently soaking it in their cups. At eight o'clock they have a second breakfast, consisting of a steak or chop, with fried potatoes. They dine at one; the quantity and quality of their dinners have been already described. At eight they sup, and their supper is a second dinner, beginning with soup, proceeding through various stages of roast, fried, and fricasseed, and ending with cheese and a salad; and in this fat feeding the ladies take their full complement, each one devouring at a meal as much as would suffice one of our fastidious countrywomen for a week. To eat and to smoke would seem to be the business of German life, but the countless books of German authors prove that they think also, and that when the body is still and the sleepy eye winking amid the white wreaths of vapour that curl around it, the mind is labouring diligently, the fancy at its most fantastic games, and the reason, with almost superhuman acuteness, solving the most abstruse and difficult problems of philosophy, and conversing with itself

"Of wisdom and foreknowledge, will and fate."

The day waxed warm as it advanced, and when the spire of Strasburg greeted their eyes,

the follo packet.

"In the wasps were me that h cutta. Th wherever a madam vo tor sat bol swore that wondered complaini customed in the sun cess of fry The sun h heated the oven. Th the deck so a rivalry b the river darts. Le her fair ar threw out and lay p velling wit young lady ver which, neighbours expenses."

At leng burg, wh single w its one lu our autho pie is qui them sou permits their com

BRITISH general an tute was h George-str Earl of De supported ton, M.P. W. Pendar Lennox, C general Sir zard, J. G Holt Yates committee. the business upon to rea the progres gave an abs shewed it t number an cluding the membership per Cent. C and liability port appear for its adop members, v

THE PE of several e entertainm successful o their sense undertaking or publisher the 5th in Brougham, and substanc about 130. Wrottesley, J. R. Porte a host of g ments. Af with brief p jesty, and o family. H of Mr. Knig man, accom works by w the public, for the emin society. T Mr. Knight manner, mo fessor Long Penny Cyc ing apolog man, Lord proposi turned than the contri

the following was the state of things in the packet.

A HOT AFTERNOON.

"In the afternoon the heat was intolerable, and the wasps were a plague. An old East-Indian officer told me that he had felt nothing more oppressive at Calcutta. The passengers were lolling in listless silence, wherever a breath of air was to be caught. The city madam vowed that she was melting; the quack doctor sat bolt upright, and, while he slyly wiped his brow, swore that he didn't feel it at all uncomfortable, and wondered what the ladies and gentlemen could be complaining of, but he supposed they were not so accustomed to travel as he had been. The German sat in the sun and smoked away, unconscious of the process of frying and stewing to which he was subjected. The sun sent down his rays upon the awning, and heated the air within to the temperature of a baker's oven. The beams were reflected from the water into the deck so scorchingly, that it seemed as if there was a rivalry between the Apollo above and his shadow in the river below, which should shoot the most fiery darts. Lady Dolly put off bonnet and shawl, shewing her fair aristocratic neck, and stretched her arms and threw out her pretty little feet, and dropped her head and lay panting. An old lady from England, travelling with a younger, though scarcely to be termed young lady, relative or companion, I could not discover which, grew desperately cross, while plaguing her neighbours with questions as to routes, inns, and expenses."

At length, half dissolved, they reach *Strasbourg*, where they sleep, having first viewed its single wonder—the cathedral—and tasted of its one luxury—the *pâté de foies gras*, of which our author asserts that "a well-seasoned gibletpie is quite as good." And here we will leave them soundly sleeping until our next number permits us to resume the pleasant journey in their company.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN INSTITUTE.—The first general annual meeting of the members of the institute was held on the 7th instant, at their rooms in George-street, Hanover-square, the right hon. the Earl of Devon, president of the society, in the chair, supported by Earl Grosvenor, Lord Claude Hamilton, M.P.; Sir G. Staunton, bart. M.P.; Mr. E.W. Pendarves, M.P.; Mr. W. Evans, M.P.; Lord W. Lennox, Colonel the hon. L. Stanhope, Brigadier-general Sir Henry Pynn; Messrs. W. Tite, W. Vizard, J. G. Teed, H. Wymouth, C. Cochrane, Dr. Holt Yates, and others of the vice-presidents and committee. The noble president having briefly opened the business of the meeting, the secretary was called upon to read the report. The report stated at length the progress and present state of the institute, and gave an abstract of its statistics and finances, which shewed it to be in a flourishing condition both as to number and funds; there being 1,255 members, including those families entitled to the privilege of membership, and a vested capital of 4,000*l.* in the 3 per Cent. Consols, with assets to the value of 5,000*l.* and liabilities to the extent of 2,000*l.* only. The report appeared to give satisfaction, and the motions for its adoption, printing, and distribution among the members, were carried unanimously.

THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—On the suggestion of several eminent persons, it was proposed to give an entertainment to Mr. Knight, in celebration of the successful completion of this work, and to express their sense of the value and usefulness of the literary undertakings in which he has been engaged as editor or publisher; and accordingly a large party met on the 5th instant, under the presidency of Lord Brougham, at the Albion Tavern, where an elegant and substantial repast was provided for a party of about 130. The chairman was supported by Lord Wrottesley, Mr. M. D. Hill, Mr. Bellenden Ker, Mr. J. R. Porter, Mr. John Britton, Professor Long, and a host of gentlemen of literary and scientific attainments. After the removal of the cloth, the chairman, with brief prefaces, proposed the healths of her Majesty, and of Prince Albert, and the rest of the Royal family. He then proceeded, after an elaborate review of Mr. Knight's services as a publisher and a literary man, accompanied by copious remarks on the various works by which that gentleman is so well known to the public, to propose his health, with thanks to him for the eminent services rendered to the progress of society. This was drunk with much enthusiasm, and Mr. Knight returned thanks in a very expressive manner, modestly urging the greater services of Professor Long, the editor, in the completion of the *Penny Cyclopædia*. The chairman, after tendering apologies for the absence of Lord Denman, Lord John Russell, and Dr. Lushington, proposed the health of Professor Long, who duly returned thanks, and called on the assembly to thank the contributors whose valuable aid he had received.

After a few words from Professor Key, Mr. Weir proposed the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, to which Lord Wrottesley responded; and the company, after one or two more toasts, separated.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—Observing in THE CRITIC of May 1st that a society is about to be formed for the purpose of investigating mesmerism, hypnotism, mental-electricity, or any other name you please to call it, and that the society is anxious to obtain members who have practised it, and still will do so, as a subject of legitimate investigation, I beg most respectfully to request that you will immediately add my name to the list of members, promising to do my utmost in aiding so good and so true a cause so long as I am blessed with health and strength; and though I may not participate in the experiments at the meetings, as miles divide us, they shall ever have my warmest wishes for a prosperous advancement of the science. In practising mesmerism the last fourteen months, I have met with many extraordinary phenomena during sleep, which the testimony of my own senses compelled me to believe. From the experience I have had (having operated mesmerically upon more than sixty patients), I can speak with confidence of its value as a remedial agent, and I feel assured that there are many chronic diseases to be relieved or cured by mesmerism which have hitherto baffled the skill of surgery.

I look upon it as a most important influence; it has opened a new book in the physical history of man, and the best practitioner in the science may as yet be considered as only learning his mesmeric alphabet.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

N. TUBBS, Surgeon.

Upwell Isle, near Wisbeach, May 29th.

MUSIC.

BUDDEUS, THE PIANIST.

SOME months since we noticed the arrival in this country of a very young man, whose remarkable powers as a pianist promised to place him, ere long, above all living artists, not even excepting those great masters, LISZT and THALBERG. On Wednesday we had the pleasure of observing his steady progress towards the eminence at which he aims. A private *Matinée Musicale* introduced him to a select audience, who were unanimous in their judgment that his natural genius and acquired accomplishments fully justified his ambitious hopes. His command of touch is wonderful, and the precision with which the most rapid and intricate passages were performed seemed to amaze the assembly. He was aided in the entertainments of the morning by many names of musical renown; foremost of them was STAUDIGL, whose volume of tone thrilled the listener with the delightful sense of power under command. PARISH ALVARS was brilliant in a fantasia on the instrument he has made his own,—the harp. JOHN PARRY introduced a new song, *Fair Rosamond*, which is one of the best he has yet brought before the public. It was vehemently applauded. Miss S. FLOWER displayed her skill in Donizetti's *To non ti posso offrir*, which was sung with the richness of tone and precision of tune that indicate genius. ERNST went right to the hearts of the audience in an *Élégie* of his own composition, which he played on the violin with a plaintiveness that made the instrument speak like the wailing of some living and feeling thing. KRAUS sang a sweet little song from his own pen with a good taste that reflected upon him the highest credit. There were other aids to this concert in the persons of Misses RAINFORTH and LEY, and Signori PALTONI and BORRANI, and altogether it was such a musical treat as is seldom to be enjoyed even at this season, when there is so much music running about, that those who most love it are not unlikely to take a surfeit and forswear it for a twelvemonth.

NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. C. E. HORN has announced a musical entertainment perfectly original in its design, and from the unquestionable genius of the composer, doubtless it will prove to be as original in its execution. We scarcely know what to call it, nor how to convey a notion of it by description. The author's idea is to illustrate in music—to expand into music, as it were—some of the most remarkable scenes and passages in Shakespeare. He has chosen for his first essay the Seven Ages, each age being

represented in a composition, vocal and instrumental, designed to express its characteristics; thus, there is "The Cradle Song;" "The Lover's Song;" "The Old, old, Man," and so forth, the whole concluding with a wild *Chorus of Shadows*, representing the scene after the fall of the curtain. Should this attempt prove successful, Mr. HORN has other passages from the great dramatist designed for similar treatment. If the notion be not too fanciful, it certainly offers a large field for genius to disport in, and Mr. HORN is just the man to succeed in such an undertaking, if any person could hope to do so. He is the richest and purest *melodist* of his age, nor is he surpassed by any of the old masters in this peculiar characteristic of his genius. His music always admirably expresses the *sentiment* of the song, and his airs give that certain evidence of excellence, that they fix themselves in the memory, and become popular. We shall, therefore, watch his experiment with special interest, and those of our readers who may be able to spare an hour on Saturday, the 29th instant, will, doubtless, be richly repaid for a visit to the Polytechnic Institution, where the Directors have given to the composer the free use of the lecture-room for his experiment.

MR. C. HORN'S MUSICAL LECTURES. — This gentleman concluded his very interesting course of lectures on the music of the different nations of the world on Saturday last, at the Polytechnic Institution, in the presence of a large and respectable audience. The last lecture was in illustration of the history and character of the music of China and Hindostan, and included a description of early Chinese records bearing on the subject, in which the lecturer shewed that the music used by the inhabitants of that country was supposed to evoke the dead. This part of the lecture shewed a vast deal of research into curious facts recorded by early missionaries, and was illustrated by the introduction of an ancient Chinese air, the hymn to the god "Jos," &c. The song of the Chinese boatmen was also introduced, and the resemblance between the music of China and Scotland shewn not to be so distant as might be supposed from the locality of the countries. The resemblance was illustrated by the melodies of both nations. The description of the gong, the ching, the kin, and other Chinese instruments, was given, and the resemblance to European musical instruments discussed. After this, the tunes of the Malays and the songs of the Madras boatmen were played, and the snake-song of the snake-charmers. The lecture was very full of interest, and the novelty of its character made it of more than usual importance to musical people. Mr. C. Horn has acquitted himself with great credit in these lectures, and accomplished his difficult task in a manner that will increase the reputation he already enjoys.

New Publications.

Gentle Lady, calmly sleep: a Serenade. The words by J. A. GOLDING, Esq.; the music by W. CHALMERS MASTERS. London, Leader and Cock. 1844.

THE characteristic of this serenade is, as it should be, *sweetness*. Mr. MASTERS, some of whose compositions we have before had occasion to notice with applause, evidently possesses a soul for music. He is not a mere copyist; and if he does not take any lofty flights, he has the merit of not attempting them. His purpose is to produce a pleasing melody, and in this he has succeeded. His "*Gentle Lady, calmly sleep*," is just the song in which a lover who could *improvise* music *would* breathe his feelings to the night, if not to his mistress's ear. It can scarcely fail to please any drawing-room audience, and as it does not indulge in the fashionable folly of brilliant—that is, difficult—passages, it can readily be learned by inferior (that is, ninety-nine out of a hundred) vocalists. The following are the words:—

"Gentle lady, calmly sleep,
Harm shall not o'er take thee;
Guardian angels watch will keep:
They will ne'er forsake thee.
Naught shall break thy slumbers light,
Rouse thee, or fright thee;
But around thee visions bright
Shall to sleep invite thee.
Countless stars now gem the sky,
Naught disturbs the silence deep,
Save the gentle zephyr's sigh—
Calmly, sweetly, lady, sleep!

"Sleep until, when night has fled,
Morn, on rosy pinion,
Gently breathes around thy head,
Shaking sleep's dominion:

Sleep, until the sun's first beams
O'er thine eyelids stealing,
Banishes thy joyous dreams,
Fancy's flight revealing.
Ah! when the lark's glad joyful note,
Answered from each bush and brake,
On the ambient air shall float,
Wake, then, gentle lady, wake!

ART.

ART-UNIONS.

THE printellers have met and petitioned against Art-unions, and some few discontented artists, whose paintings, probably, have failed to find purchasers, have followed the example. But there is in both of these classes of objectors so manifest a bias of interest, that their opinion will be valued as nothing by the committee which, with the assent of the Government, is now sitting, with Mr. WYSE as chairman, to inquire and report upon the utility of Art-unions, and the propriety and feasibility of legalizing them. From all parts of the country petitions have come up, praying that Parliament would interpose to give effect to so excellent a method of encouraging art, and we are not without hope that the prayer will be acceded to, although our good-will must not permit us to close our eyes to the difficulties that will impede any measure which goes to legalize that which the legislature is by another measure attempting to suppress. The excellence of the end may possibly be held insufficient to justify the impropriety of the means; and if Derby lotteries are to be put down, it will have the aspect of partiality with the same breath to sanction picture lotteries. In this dilemma, cannot some ingenious brain invent a scheme that would preserve the good, while it removed the questionable, features of Art-unions? We shall look with great interest to the report of the committee and take the earliest opportunity to make known its recommendations.

DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.—We grieve to be under the necessity of believing that the glories of Covent-garden as a theatre are at an end. According to current report, it is about to be converted into a species of bazaar and exhibition, and for this purpose an offer has been made to the proprietors which they do not feel warranted in rejecting. It has been long closed as a place of dramatic entertainment, and it is singular that, as far as regards the present structure, the family of Kemble has witnessed its highest prosperity and its lowest decline. *Blue Beard* (with horses) and *Timour the Tartar* were produced in 1811, under the management of Mr. John Kemble, when the receipts for the season exceeded 112,000*l.*; and within very recent memory, under Mr. Charles Kemble, the "takings" at the doors were not sufficient to enable the proprietors to keep them open. We have so often adverted to the more obvious causes of this depression that we need say nothing of them now. All we have to do with at present is the fact that the state of dramatic affairs is such that a theatre which cost more than 300,000*l.* for its construction is perhaps speedily to be diverted from its original purpose, and applied to baser, but, we hope, more profitable uses.—*Observer.*

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—We understand that the committee of the above theatre has granted the present lessee, Mr. BUNN, a lease for the ensuing three years.—*Standard.*

THEATRICAL CHANGES.—We understand that Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews have become the lessees of the "Little Theatre in the Haymarket;" and that Mr. Webster has become the proprietor of the Adelphi.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

ART.

PUGIN, A. W.—Glossary of Ecclesiastical Ornaments and Costume; compiled and illustrated from Ancient Authorities and Examples. Royal 4to. pp. 238, 73 illuminated plates, half-mor. 7*l.* 7*s.*

Jameson, D. D.—Colour Music. Royal 4to. coloured, boards, 10*s.*

BIOGRAPHY.

CUVIER and Zoology: a Popular Biography, with an Historical Introduction. Fcp. pp. 136, cloth, 2*s.*

Drummond's Histories of the Noble British Families. Part III. "The Bruce Family." Imp. folio. pp. 25, 31*s.* 6*d.*

Arnold, T.—The Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D. late Head Master of Rugby School. By A. P.

Stanley, M.A. Fellow and Tutor of University College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 860, portrait, 2*s.*

Nasmith, D.—Memoirs of David Nasmith. By John Campbell, D.D. Post 8vo. pp. 496, portrait, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Halsted, C. A.—Richard III. as Duke of Gloucester and King of England. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1652, plates, cloth, 30*s.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BRIDGEMAN, T.—The Young Gardener's Assistant; in three parts. 8vo. (New York) pp. 522, cloth, 12*s.*

EDUCATION.

EVANS, A. B.—Copies for Writing Greek in Schools. By A. B. Evans, D.D. 4to. cloth, 5*s.*

Butler, C.—The Guide to Useful Knowledge. 18mo. pp. 188, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

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